

BLUE RIBBON



COMICS

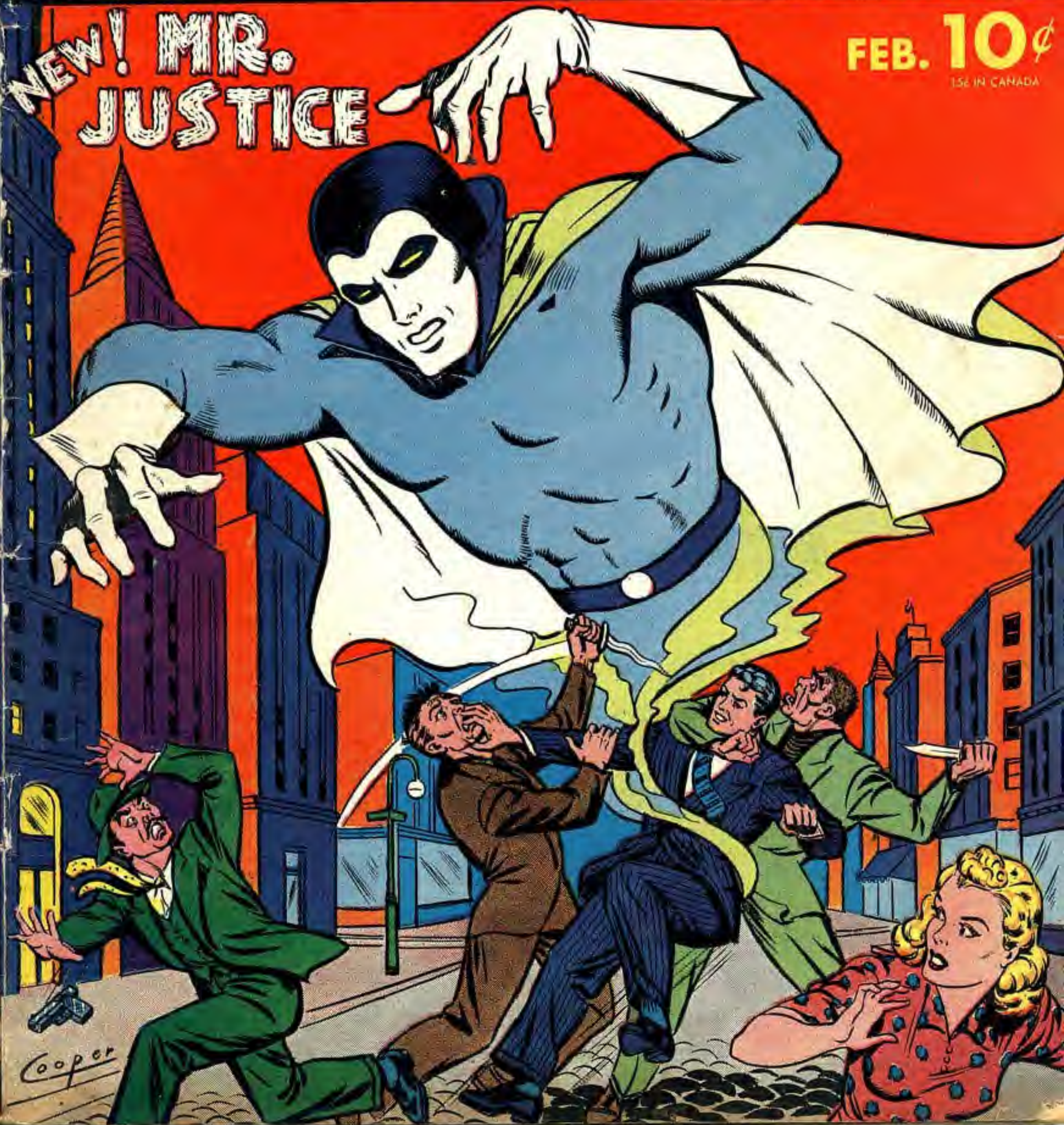
MYSTERY



No. 9 TWO BIG LEAD STORIES!!

NEW! MR. JUSTICE

FEB. 10¢
15¢ IN CANADA



**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**



RESTING ON THE BOUNDARY LINE BETWEEN SCOTLAND AND ENGLAND, STANDS THE ANCIENT CASTLE OF SOLWAY FIRTH.... ERECTED IN THE YEAR 1540, THE MEDIEVAL FORTRESS HAS WITHSTOOD COUNTLESS SCORES OF ATTACKS. NOW, IN THE YEAR 1940, A NEW AND TERRIBLE ENEMY HURLS DOWN TONS OF THUNDEROUS DESTRUCTION. BUT IN RELEASING THEIR RACK-LOADS OF DEATH, THE INVADERS ARE ABOUT TO RELEASE FROM DEATH—THE MOST BEWILDERING, THE MOST INCREDIBLE, THE MOST MYSTERIOUS MAN THE EARTH HAS EVER KNOWN.

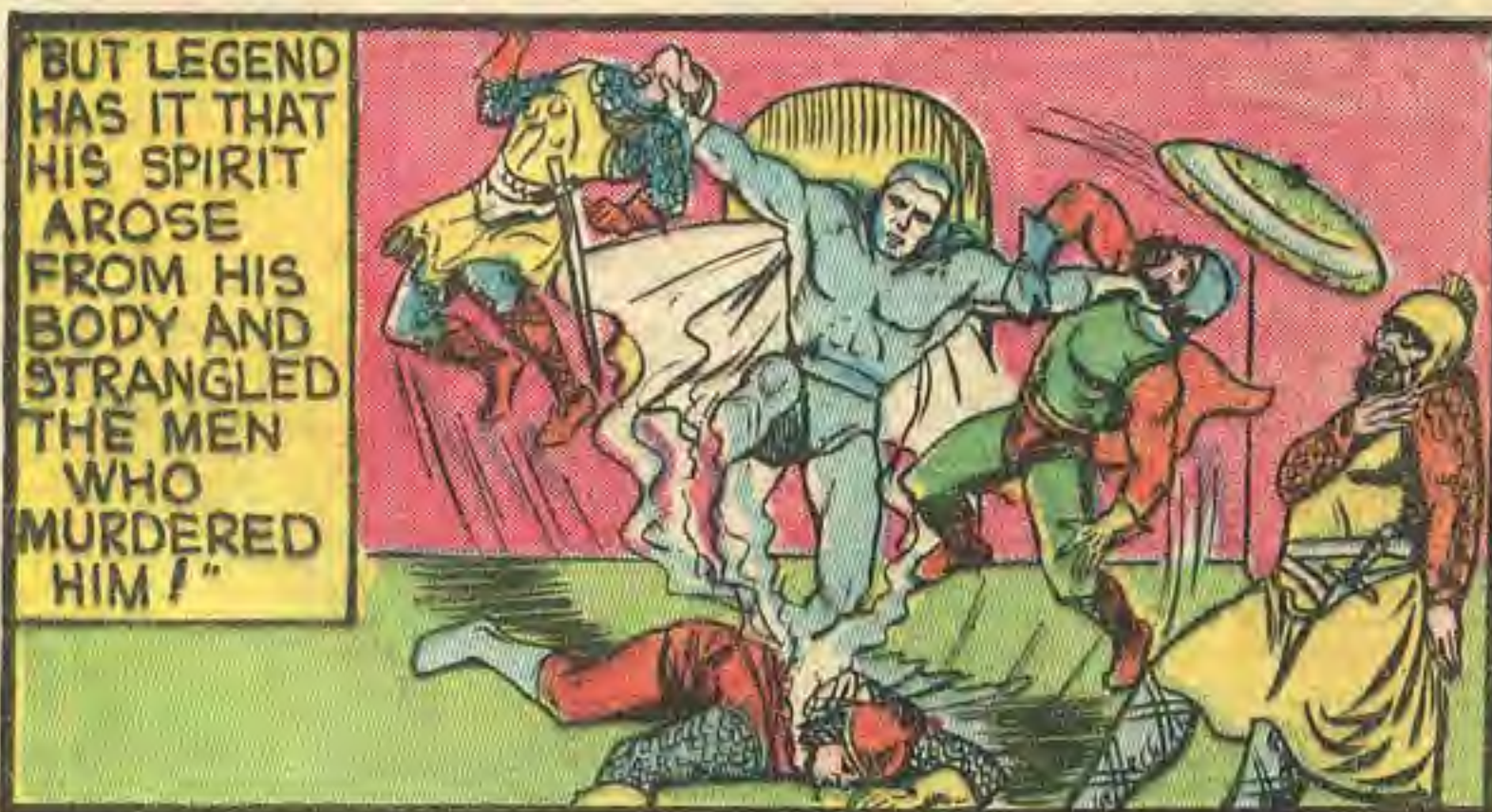


AS THE ENEMY PLANES ROAR OVERHEAD, A GUIDE AND SEVERAL TOURISTS HUDDLE INSIDE THE CASTLE TREMBLING WITH FEAR...



THERE'S THE ALL-CLEAR SIGNAL! ... AND NOW, IF YOU WILL FOLLOW ME, WE SHALL CONCLUDE THIS TOUR WITH A TRIP TO THE TOWER, WHERE ENGLISH HISTORY WAS WRITTEN MANY YEARS AGO!





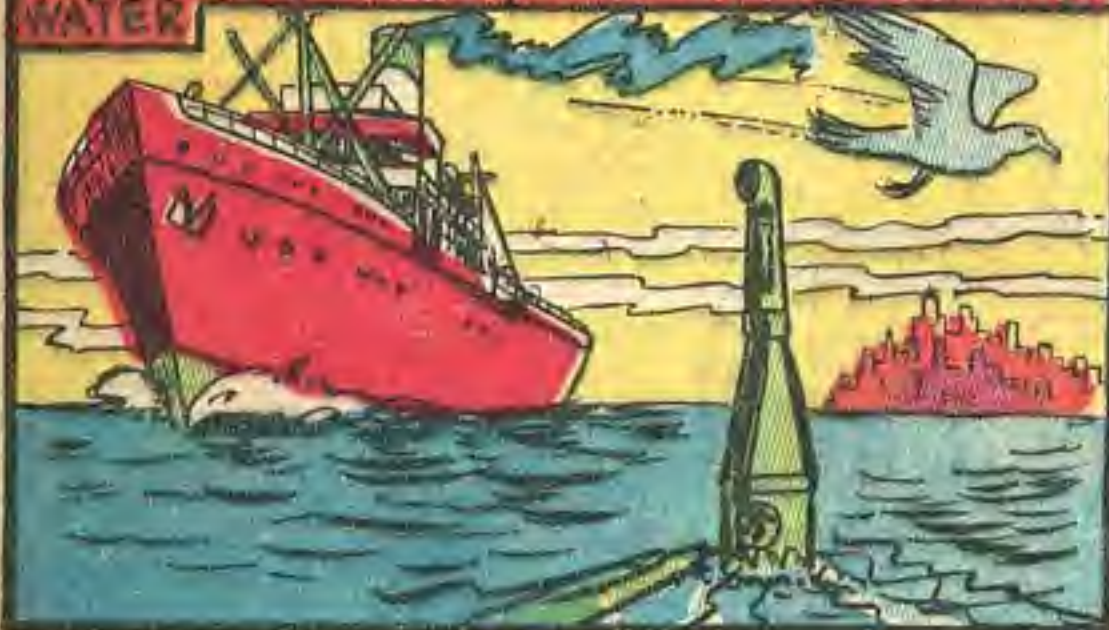
THE HISTORIC FORTRESS IS TORN DOWN
AND CARTED AWAY, STONE BY STONE



IT IS LOADED ABOARD SHIP AND SENT ON
ITS JOURNEY TO AMERICA



BUT SEVERAL DAYS LATER, JUST OUTSIDE
THE UNITED STATES, A PERISCOPE BREAKS
WATER



INSIDE THE SUBMARINE, AN ENEMY OFFICER
GIVES A CRUEL COMMAND



THE
BRITISH
SHIP IS
BLOWN
TO
BITS



AND AS IT
SLOWLY
SETTLES
FOR THE
DEATH
PLUNGE, A
MYSTERIOUS
VAPOR TAKES
FORM ABOVE
THE SHIP,
AND.....



THE SPIRIT OF THE MARTYRED PRINCE
JAMES RETURNS TO THE WORLD



THAT NIGHT, IN FRONT OF THE BRUCE PIDDLE HOME ON PARK AVENUE...



ARE YOU THE PIDDLE CHAUFFEUR?

THAT'S WHAT WE THOUGHT!

THAT'S RIGHT!



WE JUST DIDN'T WANT TO MAKE ANY MISTAKE

TOSS HIM IN THE REAR SEAT!

OHHH!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, GLORIA PIDDLE ARRIVES....

GOOD EVENING, HOBBS. WHY... YOU'RE NOT...

HOW'D YOU GUESS IT, SISTER?



IN THE CAR YUH GO!

DON'T LET HER MAKE ANY NOISE!



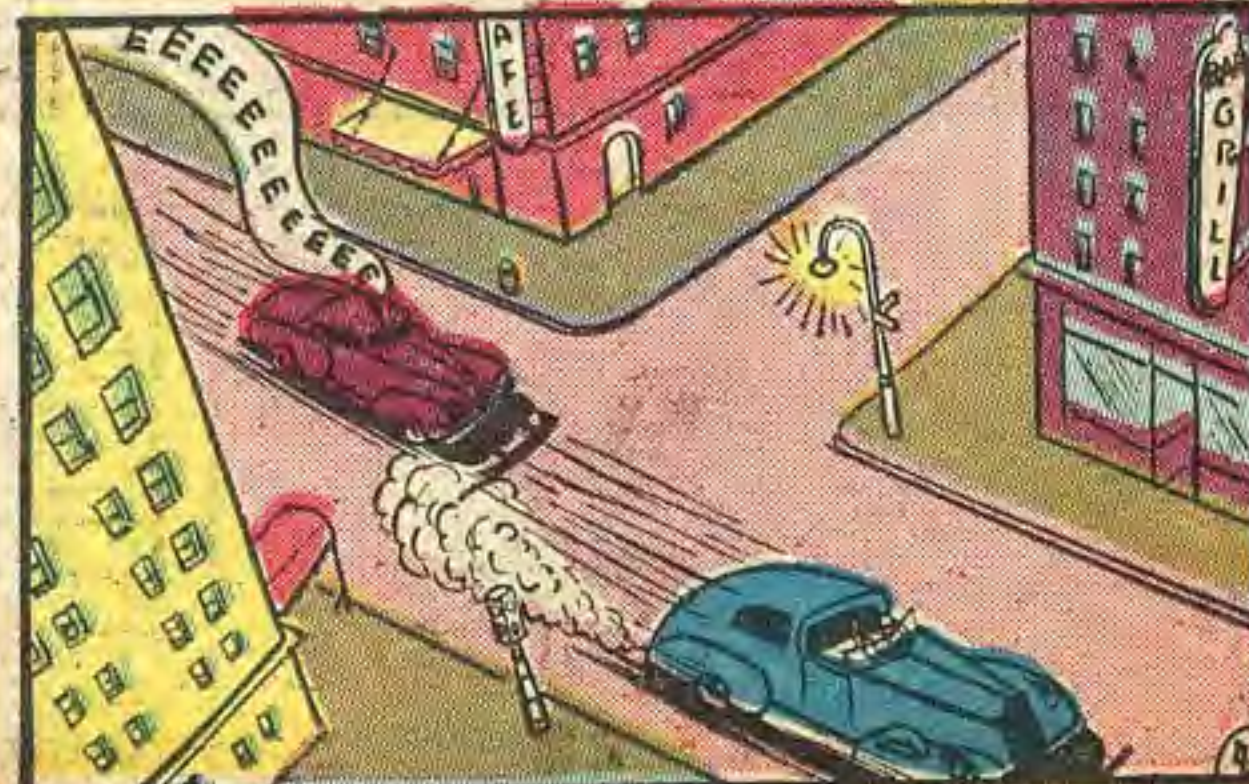
MISS GLORIA! THOSE MEN GRABBED HER! I'LL HAVE TO NOTIFY THE POLICE...



BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR THE PIDDLE LIMOUSINE... GLORIA PIDDLE WAS JUST KIDNAPPED

MIKE! THERE SHE GOES!

LET'S GET 'EM, BOY!

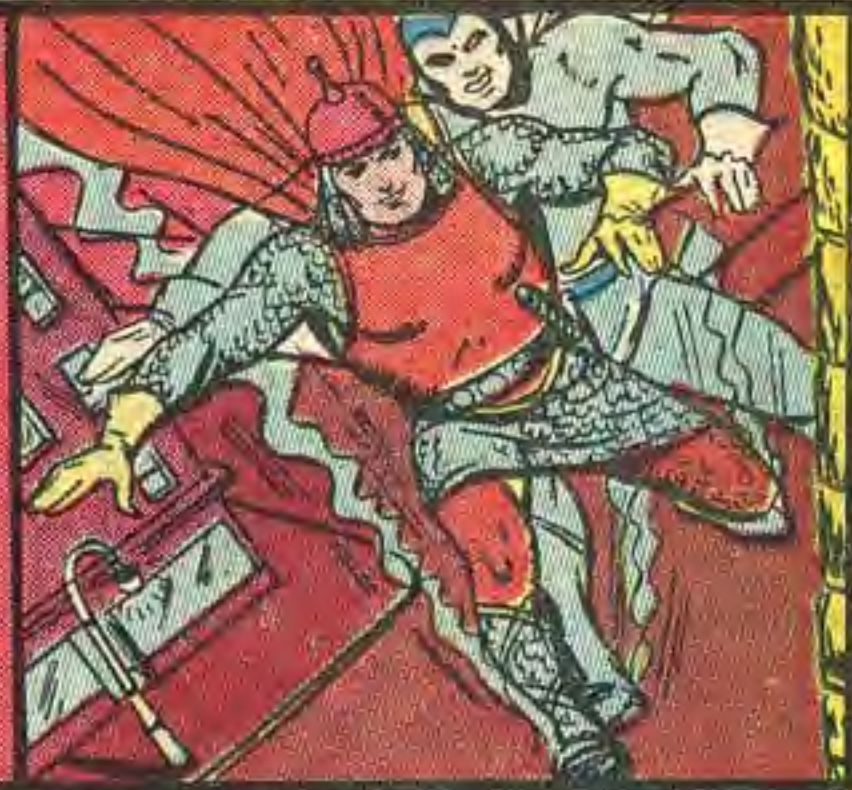


MEANWHILE, DOWN ON THE NEW YORK WATERFRONT

METHINKS I SHOULD RE-
VERT TO
SOME MORE
EARTHLY
FORM! MY
APPEARANCE
MIGHT
FRIGHTEN
SOME GOOD
CITIZEN!



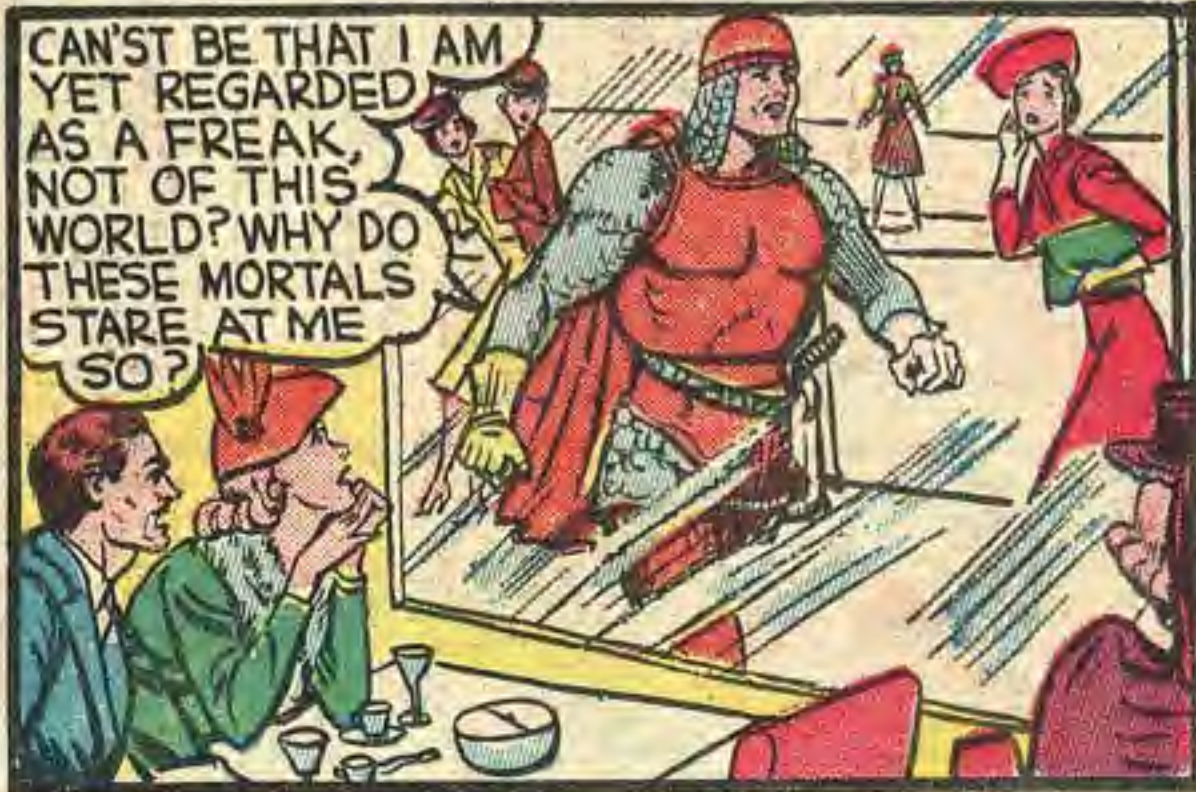
AMAZINGLY,
THE SPIRIT
OF PRINCE
JAMES BE-
GINS TO
CHANGE!
LITTLE
BY LITTLE
HE UNDER-
GOES A
METAMOR-
PHOSIS!



UNTIL HE ASSUMES THE SHAPE OF MORTAL
MAN



CAN'T BE THAT I AM
YET REGARDED
AS A FREAK,
NOT OF THIS
WORLD? WHY DO
THESE MORTALS
STARE AT ME
SO?



NO! LITTLE WONDER THEY STARE, I MUST DIVEST
MYSELF OF THESE ANCIENT GARBS AND
DON SOME MODERN
DRESS!



WHOOPS, HIC, SHAY,
THAT'S A
NICE OUT-
FIT YOU
GOT,
BUD.

AH! YOU ADMIRE
IT!



PERHAPS YOU WOULD
CARE TO TRADE
CLOTHES WITH
ME?

WELL, I'LL TELL YUH,
BUB, THAT AIN'T
A BAD IDEA
AT ALL!



MAYHAP THIS DARK
ENCLOSURE WILL
AFFORD US
A CHANCE
TO DIS-
ROBE!

OH, BOY! WAIT 'TIL MY
LITTLE WOMAN SEES ME
IN THEM FANCY
DUDS.





WOO-WOO! I THINK THE GUY WAS DAFFY FOR PARTIN' WITH THIS GET-UP! WOO-WOO!

I MUST REMEMBER THESE GARMENTS ARE CALLED 'DUDS'... AND A STRANGER'S NAME IS ALWAYS 'BUD'... WHAT A PECULIAR TONGUE THESE MODERNS SPEAK!



PRINCE JAMES WANDERS OUT INTO THE STREET....

WHAT A CLATTER AND CLAMOR THOSE BEAMS OF LIGHT ARE RAISING!



THE FIRST CAR BARELY MISSES PRINCE JAMES



I CAN'T MISS HIM! HE'S TOO CLOSE!

PAT! LOOK OUT! THAT GUY'S IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD!

BUT IN THE SECOND CAR.....



WHAT A BREAK!

YEAH! PROBABLY NOTHIN' LEFT OF THE POOR GUY!



LOOK! HE—HE'S ALIVE!

WHAT KIND OF A GAG IS THIS?



TRYIN' TO KEEP US FROM CATCHIN' THE SNATCHERS, HUH?

I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU DID IT, BUT IT WAS A GOOD TRICK!



BUT YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. I WAS SIMPLY WALKING ALONG —

GET IN THERE AND SHUT UP! YOU'RE GOIN' ALONG WITH US!



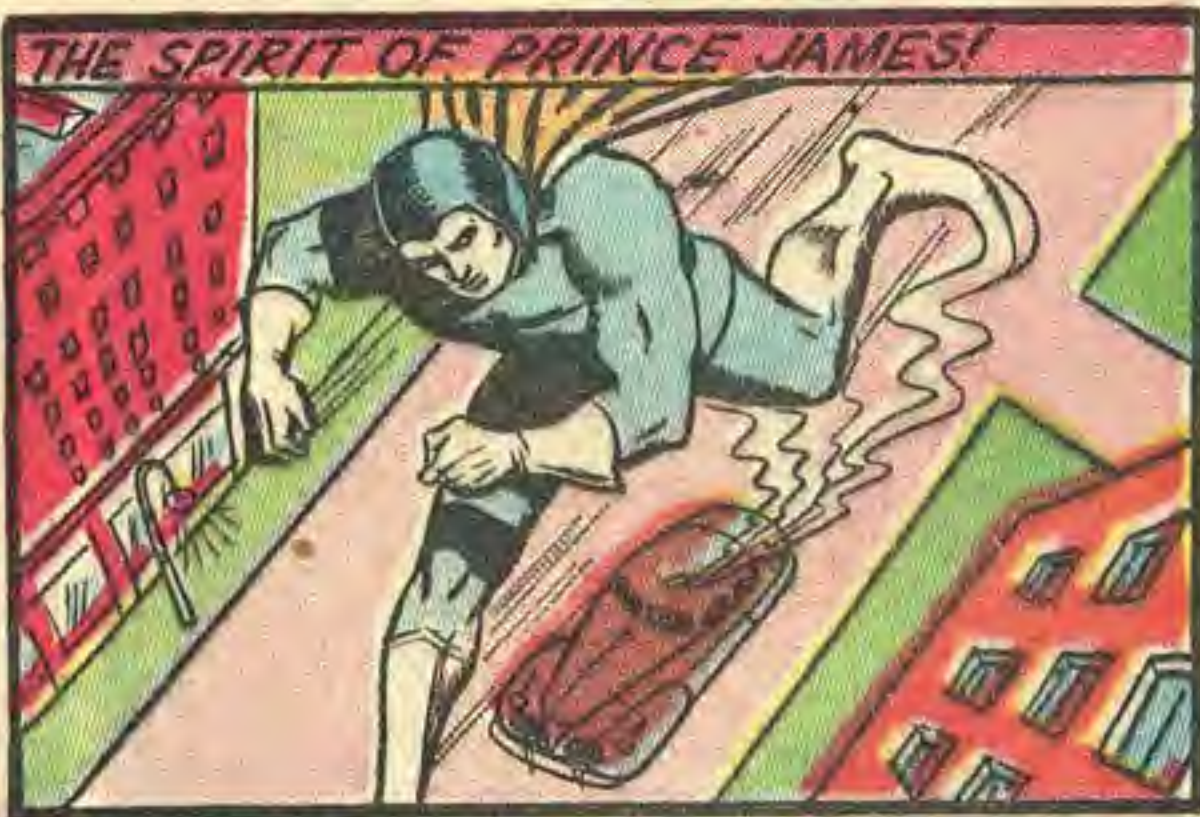
BECAUSE OF YOU, A COUPLE OF KILLERS GOT AWAY WITH A DAME! HER LIFE AIN'T WORTH A NICKEL IF WE DON'T CATCH 'EM!



SO THAT'S IT! BECAUSE OF ME, SOMEONE'S LIFE IS ENDANGERED! WELL, I'LL HAVE TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THAT!



ABOVE THE SPEEDING CAR, A MIST BEGINS TO FORM



THE SPIRIT OF PRINCE JAMES!

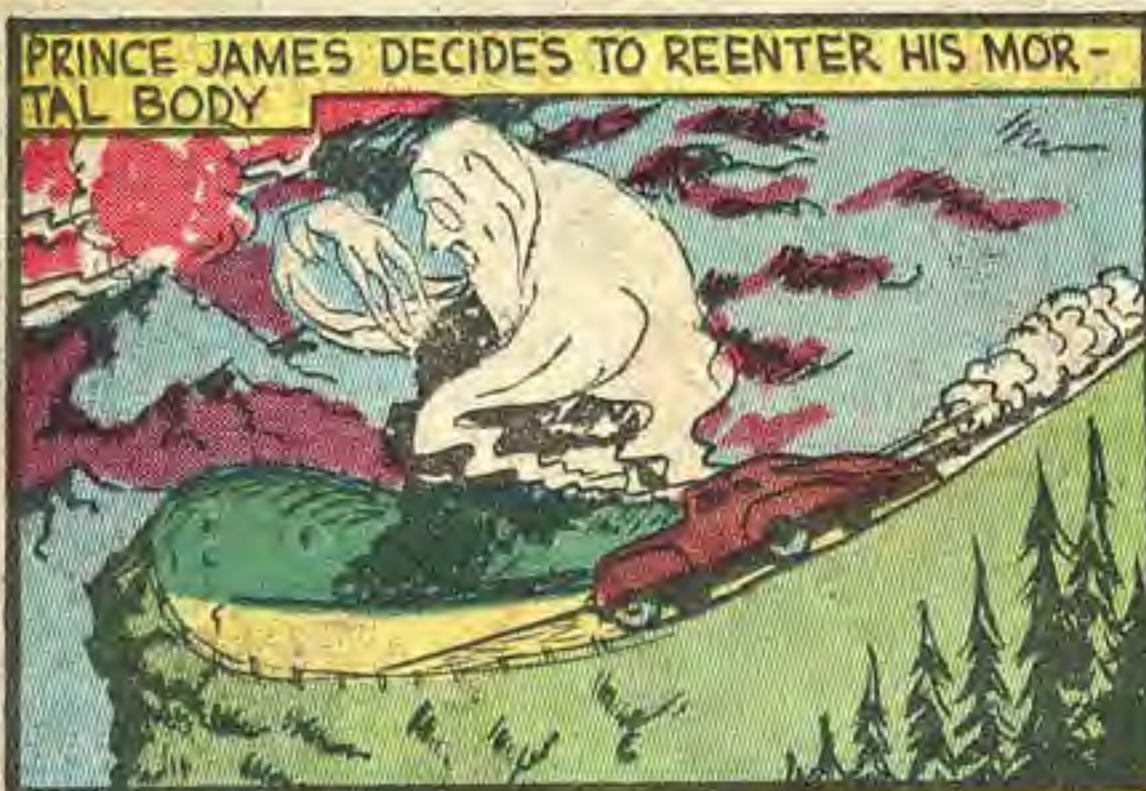


THE ROYAL WRAITH SIGNALS THE POLICE TO FOLLOW HIM



H-H-HEY! L-L-LOOK AT THAT! YOU DON'T SUPPOSE NOTHING! WE'RE FOLLOWING IT!

DON'T SUPPOSE IT'S A GH---



AS HIS MORTAL BODY SLUMPS TO THE GROUND.....



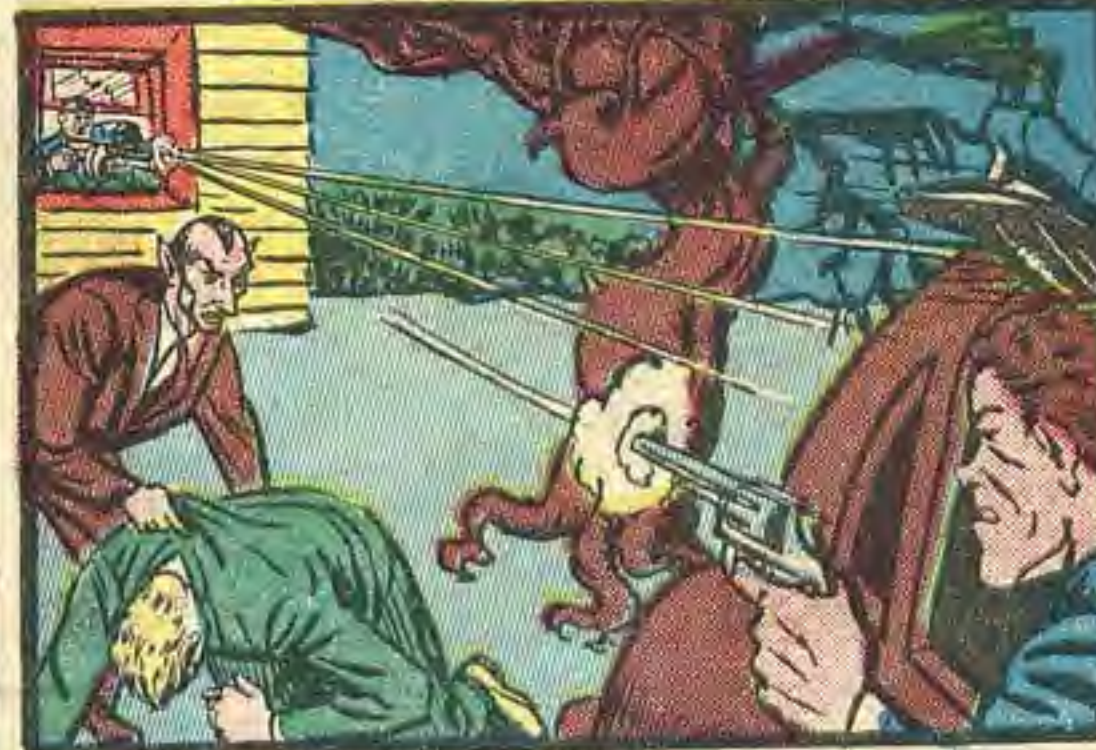
THE SPIRIT OF THE PRINCE AGAIN EMERGES



HELP!
IT'S A GHOST!



COVER ME WITH THAT TOMMY GUN!
I'M GOIN' OUT AND DRAG
THAT THING'S BODY
IN HERE!



IF THAT'S A GHOST--THERE'S
ONE THING WE CAN
DO! DRIVE A STAKE
THROUGH ITS
HEART!



TRY TO
HOLD IT OFF
A MINUTE!
I'LL DRIVE
THIS
STAKE....



AS THE KID-
NAPPER
DRIVES THE
STAKE....
THE BODY
OF THE
MARTYRED
PRINCE
DISAPPEARS

WHERE
DID TH-
THE ...
BODY
G-GO?



IT MIGHT BE ENLIGHTEN-
ING TO KNOW THAT I
CAN CAUSE MY MORTAL
BODY TO DISAPPEAR AT
WILL. BUT I'M AFRAID
THE KNOWLEDGE
WON'T HELP
YOU MUCH!

YOU HAVE
COMMITTED
YOUR LAST
KIDNAP-
PING!

UGH! MY THROAT!



STAY AWAY FROM ME!
I GIVE UP!



YOUR JUDGEMENT
DAY HAS COME,
TOO!

CRASH



WELL, MISTER....
JUSTICE SURE
CAUGHT UP
WITH YOU
THAT TIME!

THAT'S IT!
THAT'S WHAT
I'LL CALL MY-
SELF, MR.
JUSTICE!



COME ON! LET'S GO IN AND PICK UP
WHAT'S LEFT OF THEM!



AT LAST I'VE FOUND MY DESTINY! AS
MR. JUSTICE I'LL FIGHT FOR JUSTICE AGAINST
ALL CORRUPTION AND OPPRESSION! WHEREVER THERE
ARE CRIME AND CRIMINALS, YOU WILL FIND THEIR
ENEMY-MR. JUSTICE



MORE THRILLING ADVENTURES OF MR. JUSTICE
WILL APPEAR IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF
BLUE RIBBON COMICS

RANG-A-TANG

THE WONDER DOG WITH

Richy THE AMAZING BOY

DEATH RIDES THE HIGHWAYS, AS RANG-A-TANG, RICHY AND HY SPEED, ACE CRIME-BUSTERS, FOLLOW THE CLUE OF THE MURDERED DRIVER AND THE MISSING TRUCK LOAD OF BORDER-BOUND COFFINS!

HAVING RECEIVED A TELEPHONE CALL REQUESTING THEIR AID — HY AND HIS FRIENDS ARE CALLING AT THE OFFICES OF THE JACKSON TRUCKING COMPANY.....





THIS MAN IS DEAD!
DO YOU KNOW WHO
HE IS?

YES! THAT'S ONE OF OUR
DRIVERS — PAUL
LA PORTE!



HE AND A TRUCK LOAD OF CASKETS,
BOUND FOR MEXICO, HAVE BEEN
MISSING FOR SEVERAL DAYS.
THAT'S WHY WE CALLED
YOU IN!



HURRY, RICHY! SEE IF YOU CAN
SPOT ANYONE OUTSIDE!
SOMEBODY HAD TO DELIVER
THIS BODY HERE!



IT LOOKS LIKE SOME-
ONE SAVED ME THE
TROUBLE OF FINDING
THE DRIVER! BUT
WHAT ABOUT HIM?
HAD HE BEEN WITH
YOUR COMPANY
VERY LONG?



FOR SEVERAL YEARS, MR. SPEED!
HE'S ALWAYS BEEN VERY RE-
LIABLE! I WOULD SAY THAT
HE HAD MET WITH SOME
SORT OF HI-JACKING
TROUBLE! THE MAN
HIMSELF WAS BEYOND
SUSPICION!



HAVE YOU CHECKED WITH THE CASKET
COMPANY? MAYBE THEY HAVE A CLUE!

NO, MR. SPEED! THAT WOULD
BE BAD BUSINESS! WE MAKE
A LOT OF MONEY FROM THEM
AND IF THERE IS ANY INKLING
OF TROUBLE, WE'LL LOSE
THEIR CONTRACT!



MEANWHILE....

RANG! THAT SEDAN! IT'S
JUST PULLING OUT OF HERE!
AND I'LL BET WHOEVER IS IN
IT KNOWS SOMETHING
ABOUT THAT DEAD
MAN!

RICHY AND RANG LEAP INTO
HY'S ROADSTER...

HECK! THE DARNED
THING WON'T START!
WHAT COULD BE WRONG,
I WONDER?



THE WONDER DOG GRASPS
RICHY'S ARM AND STARTS
TO PULL HIM OUT OF THE
CAR.



OKAY! WE WON'T GO!
BUT DON'T BE SO
ROUGH!



RICHY! RANG!
STAY WHERE
YOU ARE!



WHAT HAPPENED?

I TRIED TO START THE
CAR TO CHASE A GUY,
AND RANG STOPPED ME!



YOU WERE LUCKY, RICHY! THERE WAS A DELAYED
ACTION BOMB UNDER THE HOOD! FORTUNATELY,
RANG'S SENSITIVE EARS DETECTED IT, IN
TIME TO SAVE YOUR LIFE!



WELL, IT'S ALMOST TIME
TO CALL IT A DAY.
HOWEVER, IF I WANT TO
TALK TO THE NIGHT
WATCHMAN LATER—
CAN I GET IN?

SURE! WE'RE
OPEN DAY AND
NIGHT! THIS IS
A REGULAR
TERMINAL
HERE!



THE FIRST THING FOR US TO DO IS
GO DOWNTOWN AND PICK OUT A NEW
1941 MODEL. I'M AFRAID OUR
OTHER CAR IS PRETTY
WELL SHOT.



LATER,
THE
THREE
CRIME-
BUSTERS
DRIVE
HOME
IN
THEIR
NEW
CAR.....

BOY! THIS SURE
RIDES SWELL!

LOOK, RICHY! THERE'S
RASTUS — AND HE
SEEMS EXCITED ABOUT
SOMETHING!



WHAT'S UP?

POW'FUL 'PORTANT
MESSAGE FOR YOU,
MISTUH SPEED!



HM! I WONDER WHAT
COULD HAVE OCCURRED
SINCE WE LEFT HIM
AND MR. JACKSON?



WESTERN UNION

IMPORTANT THAT YOU SEE
ME AT ONCE. I WILL BE AT
HOME AT 322 PARK RIDGE.
APARTMENT 5A. SAY
NOTHING TO ANYONE.

G. H. BROWN
JACKSON TRUCKING CO.



A FEW MINUTES LATER,
AT 322 PARK RIDGE.....



LET'S GO
IN,
RICHY!

COME ON,
RANG!



GOSH, HY!
WE'VE BEEN
RINGING HIS
BELL FOR TEN
MINUTES!

I'M GOING TO OPEN HIS
DOOR WITH A SKELE-
TON KEY! I HAVE A
HUNCH SOMETHING
IS WRONG!



HY OPENS THE DOOR AND THEY RUSH IN....





LATER....IN FRONT OF THE CASKET COMPANY

HO-HUM! I'M GETTING TIRED OF JUST SITTING HERE! LET'S SEE IF WE CAN PICK UP SOME CLUES, RANG!



I DON'T SEE ANY SENSE IN SITTING AROUND WHEN WE MIGHT BE DOING SOMETHING USEFUL!



WHEN! LOOK AT ALL THESE ROUGH BOXES—AND A CASKET IN EVERY ONE! MY GOSH—LOTS OF PEOPLE COULD BE PUT IN THEM!



THIS MUST BE WHERE THEY LOAD THE CASKETS ON THE TRUCKS! LET'S GO IN!



SHH! DOWN, RANG! THAT TRUCK LOOKS LIKE THE ONE MR. JACKSON SAID WAS MISSING! LET'S HEAR WHAT THEY SAY!



HAVE YOU GOT YOUR ORDERS STRAIGHT?

YEAH! WE STICK TO ROUTE 33 AND PULL OFF ON THAT SIDE-ROAD! RIGHT?



WE FOLLOW THE SIDE-ROAD 'TIL DAYLIGHT AND THEN WE PULL OFF AND WAIT FOR NIGHT AGAIN!

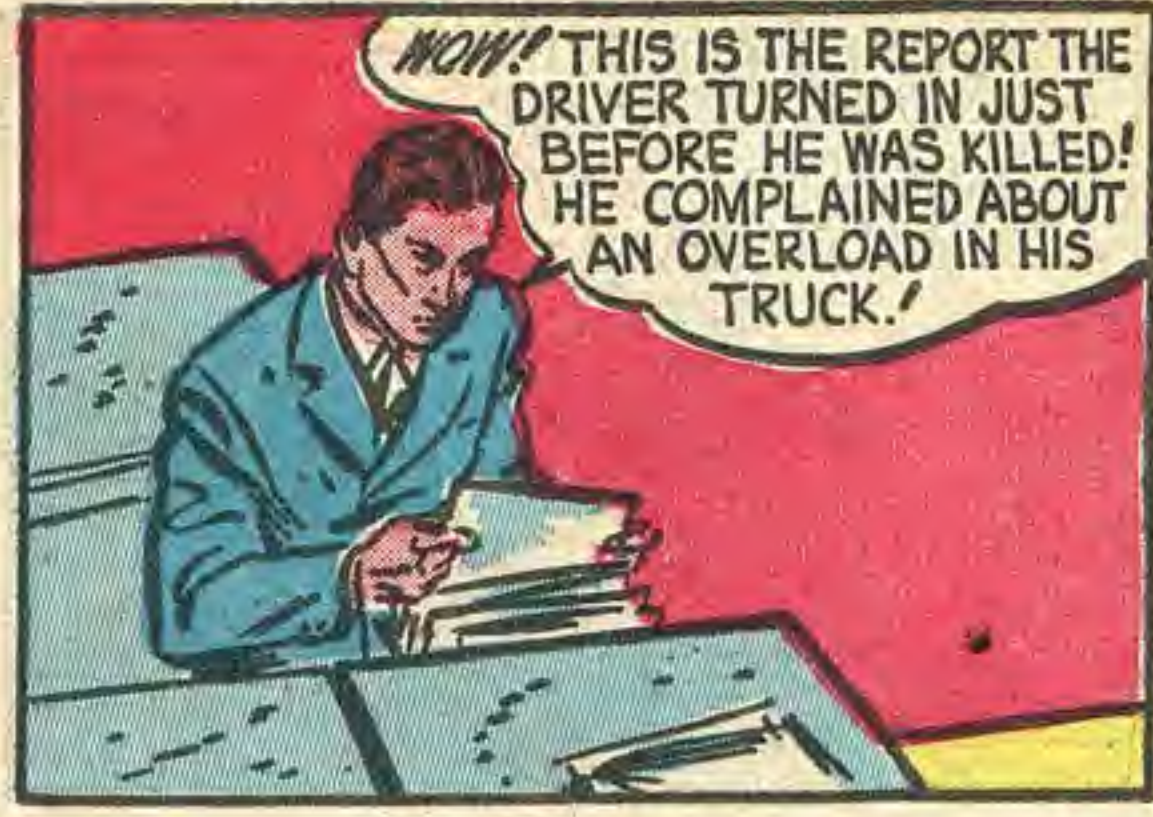
RIGHT! NOW GET GOING!



MEANWHILE HY SPEED IS IN THE OFFICE OF THE TRUCKING COMPANY.....



LADDEN.....LAMSON.....
AH! HERE IT IS!
LA PORTE!



NOW! THIS IS THE REPORT THE DRIVER TURNED IN JUST BEFORE HE WAS KILLED! HE COMPLAINED ABOUT AN OVERLOAD IN HIS TRUCK!

LA PORTE WAS JUST GETTING WISE TO SOMETHING! THAT'S WHY HE WAS BUMPED OFF! IF THAT'S THE CASE, RANG AND RICHY ARE IN DANGER! I SHOULD NEVER HAVE SENT THEM TO THE CASKET COMPANY!



HY HAILS A CAB AND HURRIES TO THE CASKET COMPANY.....



THERE'S MY CAR, BUT RANG AND RICHY ARE GONE!

THE ACE DETECTIVE RUSHES INTO THE LOADING SHED....



RICHY!
RANG!

HE HEARS MUFFLED BARKING FROM BEHIND A DOOR



THAT'S RANG!

HY CRASHES INTO THE ROOM.

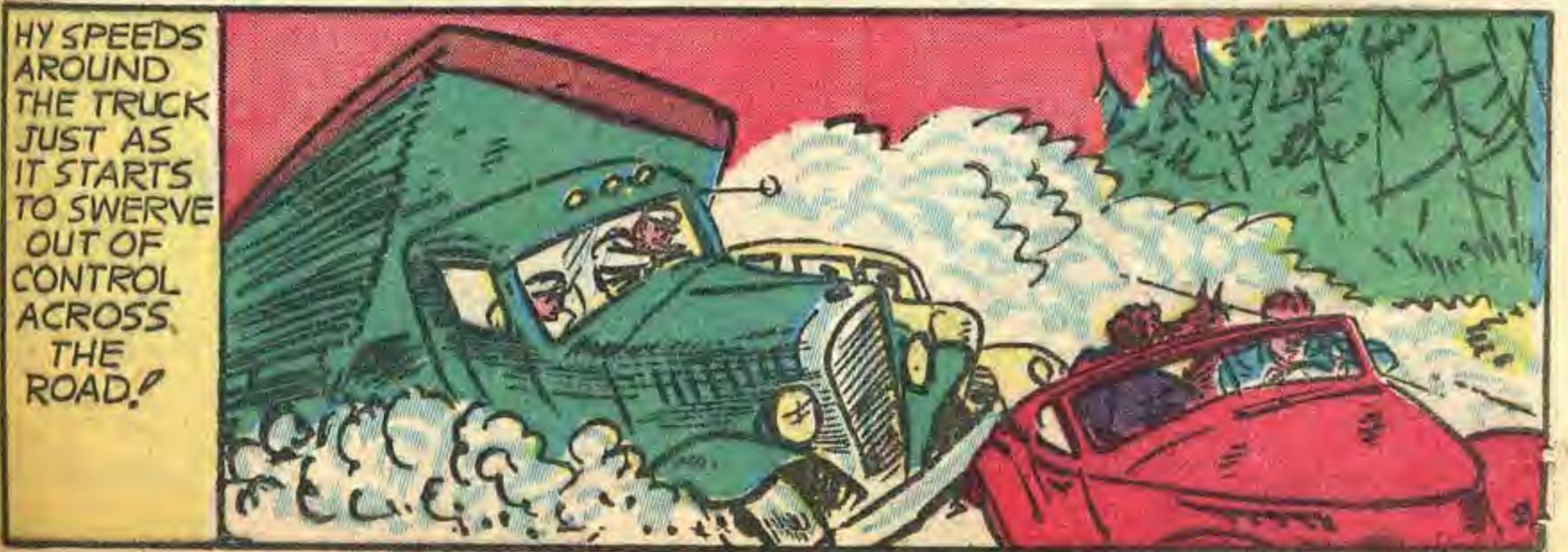


WE WERE HIT ON THE HEAD FROM BEHIND! THEY THOUGHT RANG WAS DEAD, I GUESS!

WE HAVEN'T A MINUTE TO LOSE! TELL ME THE REST OF IT ON THE WAY!







THE TRUCK AND TRACTOR CRASH INTO THE SEDAN, SMASHING IT LIKE MATCH WOOD!



LET'S SEE IF ANYBODY IS ALIVE, HY!

RIGHT! BUT DON'T BE AFRAID TO USE THAT GUN IF YOU HAVE TO!



IT LOOKS PRETTY BAD RICHY

GOSH! I DON'T THINK ANYONE'S LEFT ALIVE!



BUT A SHADOWY FIGURE CREEPS OUT OF THE WRECKAGE AND MAKES FOR HY'S SEDAN!

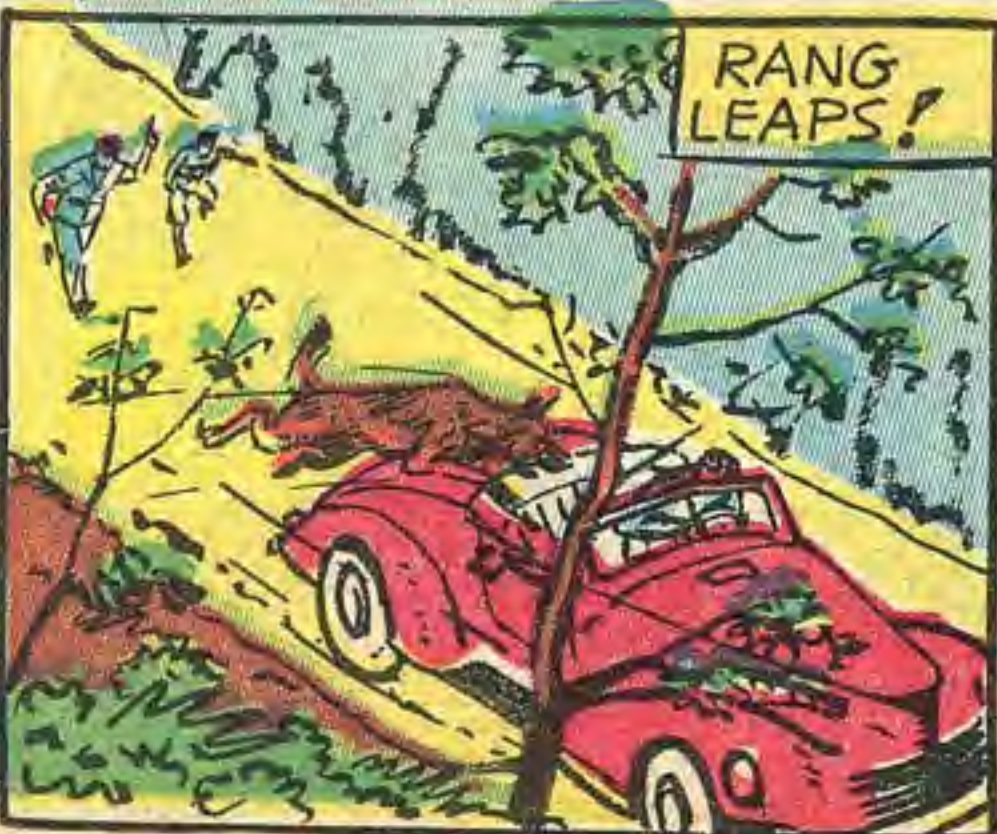


HY! SOMEONE'S IN OUR CAR!

WELL, FOR.. -GET 'IM, RANG!



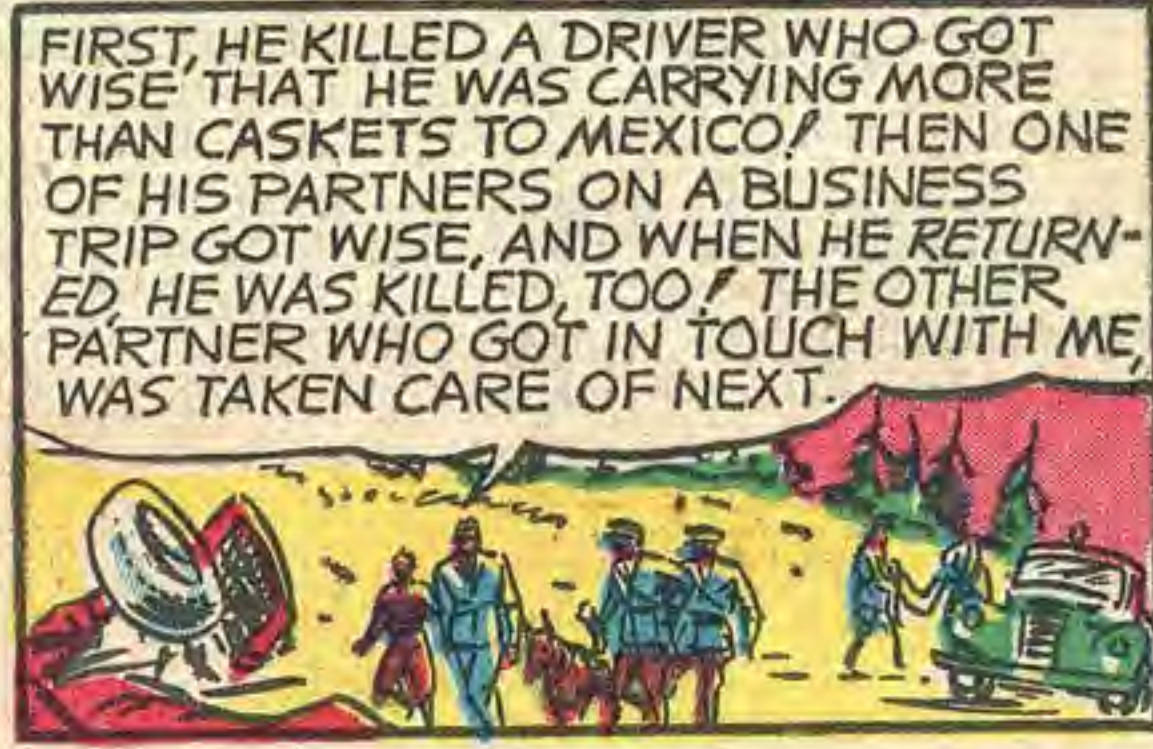
RANG LEAPS!



THE WONDER DOG ATTACKS -CAUSING THE DRIVER TO LOSE CONTROL OF THE WHEEL. AS THE CAR CRASHES -RANG-A-TANG- JUMPS TO SAFETY!

I HEAR SOME SIRENS UP THE ROAD! SEE WHO IT IS





ALWAYS 2 BIG LEAD FEATURES FOR THE PRICE OF ONE, IN EVERY ISSUE OF
BLUE RIBBON COMICS
MR JUSTICE AND RANG-A-TANG

RICHY, THE AMAZING-BOY - THE FOX - STEVE STACEY, SKY DETECTIVE - THE GREEN FALCON - CORPORAL COLLINS - TY-GOR, SON OF THE TIGER, - DOC STRONG AND THE ISLE OF RIGHT - LOOP LOGAN, AIR ACE

THE RANG-A-TANG CLUB

MEMBERSHIP

HONOR LEGION

CARE AND TRAINING OF DOGS



EVERYONE loves a dog. That is because down deep inside, everyone is kind, and because everyone needs companionship. The old adage "man's best friend is his dog" still holds true.

Do you own a dog? Whether you do or whether you don't, you are entitled to join the RANG-A-TANG CLUB and to become a prospect for charter membership in the RANG-A-TANG HONOR LEGION.

THE purpose of the RANG-A-TANG CLUB is to have a fellowship among dog lovers and dog owners and to promote kindness towards animals. Also, the club wants to help you with any problem concerning your dog. The RANG-A-TANG CLUB'S veterinarian, DR. ALEXANDER SLAWSON, will furnish to members of the CLUB absolutely free by mail only, information about the care and training of dogs.

The letter below from Leonard Lane of 137 E. 91st Street, Brooklyn, New York, is an example of the kind of letter that you can write to the RANG-A-TANG CLUB.

Dear Doctor Slawson:

My dog has been sick for a few days. He acts less than before and has lost his pep. He does not respond when I call him the way he used to. He feels very hot to the touch. Last night he vomited up his food. Please tell me how to feed him.

Sincerely yours,

Leonard Lane

How to Join

THE RANG-A-TANG CLUB

FILL in the coupon which contains the RANG-A-TANG OATH, and mail it to Hy Speed, together with 10c in coin, to cover handling.

Members of the RANG-A-TANG CLUB will receive an embossed membership card and a RANG-A-TANG button, as well as a free copy of Dr. Slawson's Booklet, "Highlights On The Health Of Your Dog and Cat", and the privilege of becoming a charter member in the RANG-A-TANG HONOR LEGION. Members will also be entitled to receive by mail only, the professional advice of DR. ALEXANDER SLAWSON, Veterinarian, absolutely free.

DO YOU have any questions on the care and training of your dog? If you do, membership in the RANG-A-TANG CLUB entitles you to ask your questions and have them answered by the CLUB'S licensed registered Doctor of Veterinary Medicine. Merely fill out the questionnaire printed below and enclose it with your letter, as well as a stamped self-addressed envelope. This is important because unless these instructions are followed, your question will not be answered. Address your letter to THE RANG-A-TANG CLUB, 160 West Broadway, New York City.

THE RANG-A-TANG HONOR LEGION

HOW TO QUALIFY

There are two ways in which you can be admitted as a charter member of the HONOR LEGION.

1st WAY—In keeping with your RANG-A-TANG Oath of membership, write us a letter relating an exceptional deed you performed involving kindness or courage toward any animal, be it dog, cat, horse, bird, or wild life, and you will be eligible to become a charter member in the RANG-A-TANG HONOR LEGION.

A—All letters must be certified to by parent or guardian.

B—All those who become Charter Members will have their names published in the pages of BLUE RIBBON COMICS.

C—Outstanding letters will be published on the RANG-A-TANG HONOR LEGION page.

2nd WAY—Enlist two of your friends as members of the RANG-A-TANG CLUB. Here's how you do it:—

A—Just have them apply for membership to the Club in the same way as you did.

B—Then drop me a postcard giving me their names and addresses.

C—Be sure and write your own name and address on this card so that we can make you a Charter Member of the HONOR LEGION.

Charter members of the RANG-A-TANG HONOR LEGION will receive a beautifully engraved HONOR LEGION diploma, suitable for framing, signed by Dr. Alexander Slawson, Doctor of Veterinary Medicine, the author Joe Blair, the artist Ed. Smalle, Jr. and myself.

Just remember this: it is only necessary to do one of the above two things to obtain Charter Membership in the RANG-A-TANG HONOR LEGION. Go to it.

Hy Speed

Pinnacle Rd., Henrietta, N.Y.

Dear Hy Speed,

In our barn a litter of kittens were born one fall. We kept them in the barn practically all winter, until one day upon arriving at the door of the barn, I saw one of the kittens lying on the floor underneath a cow, where it had been stepped on. It was still alive. I picked it up very carefully and took it into the house. I looked it over better in the house, finding that its left hind leg was just clinging there by a few threads. Day after day we put medicine on it. We left the kitten in the house and after many long months it was thoroughly cured. It then became a great pet.

Betty Dorfner

THIS MONTH'S MEMBERSHIP LIST

Frances Geraldine Roland
Deerfield St., Box 501
Billerica, Mass.

Barbara Baker
10 Elmwood Ave.,
Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

Tom Inglis
Kincairdine, Ont. Canada

Greta Bowden
Wallkill Ave.,
Wallkill, N.Y.

Donald Brigham
R.F.D. #2
Berea, Ohio

Billy Roy Hughes
109 Stuart Ave.,
El Dorado, Ark.

Charles Barley
28 Crosby St.,
Orono, Maine

June Walter
Quarry Heights
Ancon, Canal Zone

Eunice Balish
320 Shore Blvd.,
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Betty Volino
South Rd.,
Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

Hy Speed
c/o Blue Ribbon Comics
160 West Broadway, New York City

Dear Hy Speed:

Please enroll me as a member of the RANG-A-TANG CLUB. I enclose 10c in coin to cover cost of handling. It is understood that I am to receive my membership card and a RANG-A-TANG button.

Name Age

(PRINT CLEARLY)

Street Address

City and State

OATH

On my honor, I pledge myself to deal kindly with all animals, be they in distress or otherwise. To do a good deed whenever I can. In all places, at all times. I will keep this pledge constantly in my heart and in my mind.

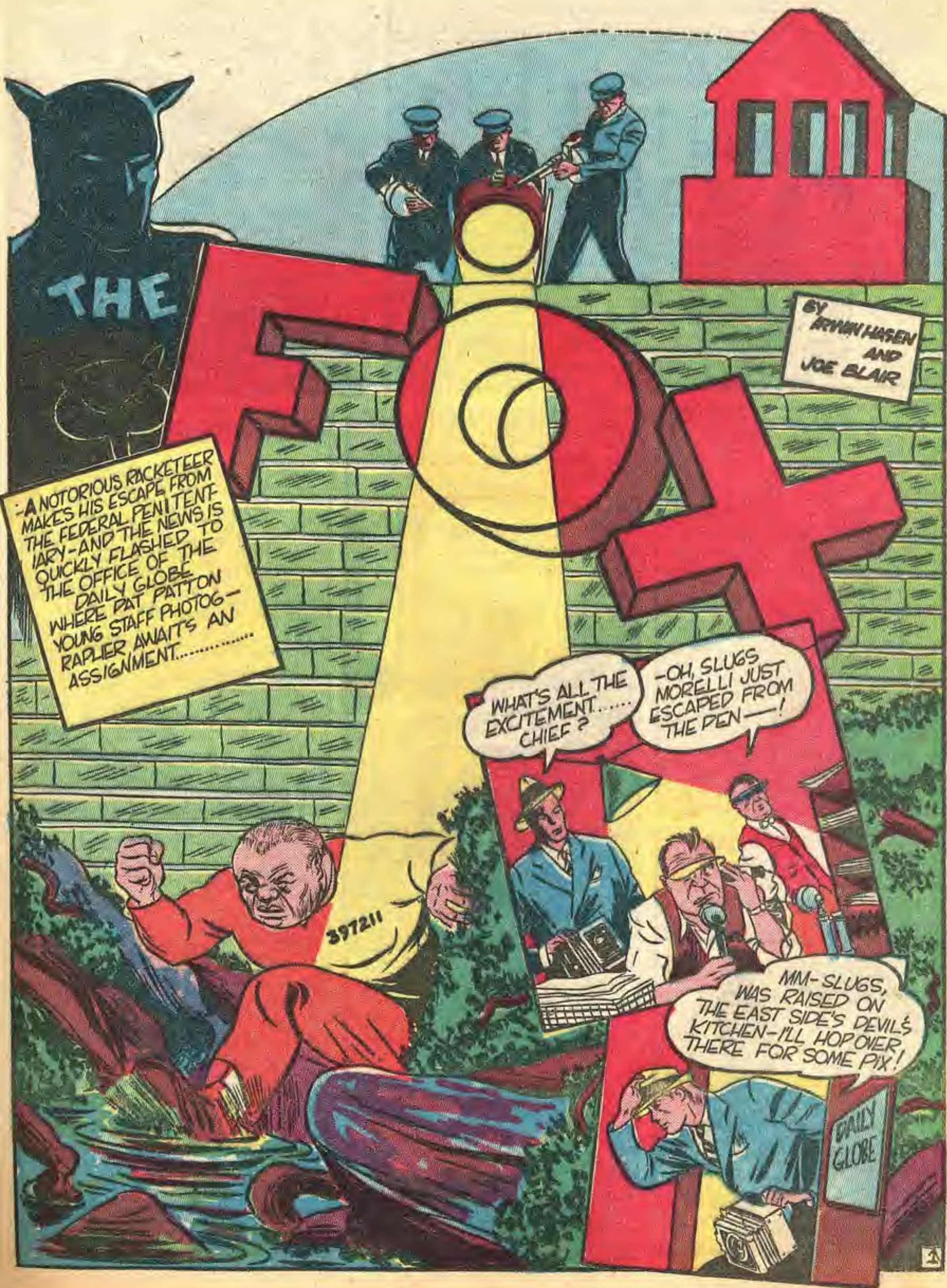
I do so solemnly swear—

Sign name

QUESTIONNAIRE

Print Clearly

NAME ADDRESS BREED OF DOG
SEX OF DOG APPROXIMATE WEIGHT CONDITION OF COAT (HAIR)
EYES NOSE BOWEL FUNCTIONS
OTHER REMARKS



THE

BY
BRYAN HASEN
AND
JOE BLAIR

-A NOTORIOUS RACKETEER
MAKES HIS ESCAPE FROM
THE FEDERAL PENITENT
IARY-AND THE NEWS IS
QUICKLY FLASHED TO
THE OFFICE OF THE
DAILY GLOBE
WHERE PAT PATTON
YOUNG STAFF PHOTOG-
RAPHER AWAITS AN
ASSIGNMENT.....

WHAT'S ALL THE
EXCITEMENT.....
CHIEF?

-OH, SLUGS
MORELLI JUST
ESCAPED FROM
THE PEN--!

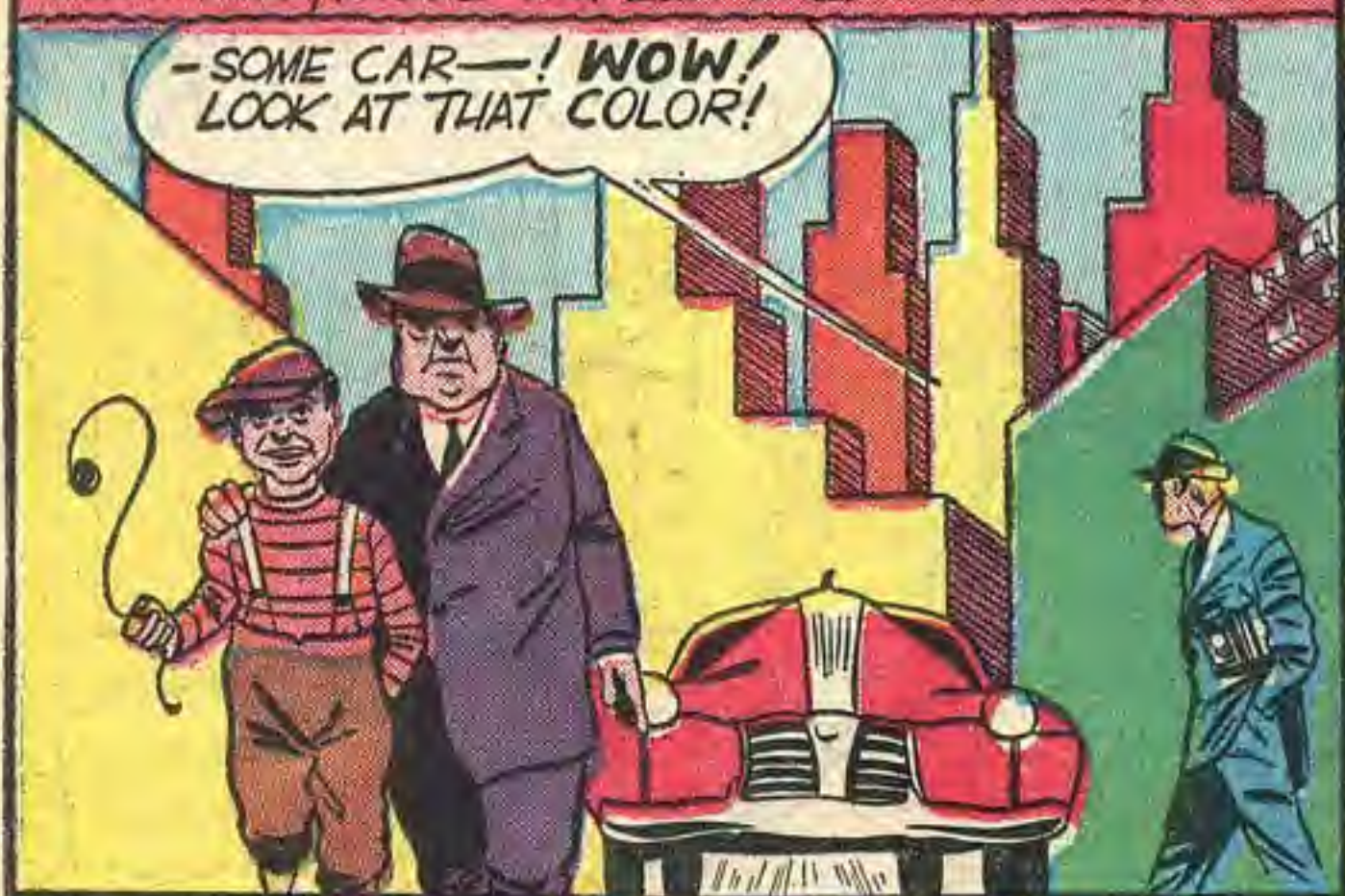
MM-SLUGS,
WAS RAISED ON
THE EAST SIDE'S DEVIL'S
KITCHEN-I'LL HOPOVER
THERE FOR SOME PIX!

DAILY
GLOBE

397211

-LOOKING FOR SOME LOCAL COLOR, PAUL VISITS THE SLUM AREA, WHERE MORELLI LIVED.

-SOME CAR—! **WOW!**
LOOK AT THAT COLOR!



STOP!
HEY!
OooooH!

HELP!
HELP!

SHUT
UP!

GOSH! I'M RIGHT IN THE
MIDDLE OF A SCOOP—IF—!



-AS PAUL IS ABOUT TO TAKE
SOME SHOTS, A HAIL OF
BULLETS SHATTERS HIS
CAMERA!

HEY, YOU GUYS,
MIGHT HAVE
KILLED ME!



-PAUL HELPS THE OLD MAN UP—!

HOW DO YOU FEEL, MISTER?
WAS THAT YOUR KID THEY
SNATCHED?

IF YOU DON'T
WANT TO GET
HURT, BEAT IT, AND
FORGET YOU SAW
ANYTHING!



-AS THE MAN WALKS AWAY,
PAUL IS CAREFUL TO KEEP
ONE FOOT ON A PIECE OF
PAPER LYING ON THE
WALK //



-THE SNATCHER DROPPED
THIS! IT WAS MEANT FOR
THE OLD MAN—MMM—!



MORELLI—
WHEN YOUR BROTHER SLUG
ARRIVES, YOU CAN TELL HIM
HIS KID IS SAFE IN OUR
HANDS!—ALL HE HAS TO DO
IS TELL US WHERE HE HID
HIS DOUGH— HE KNOWS
WHERE WE'LL BE WAITING—
TELL HIM NOT TO TRY ANY-
THING FUNNY OR THE
KIDS A GONER!
—YOU-KNOW-WHO!

LATER PAUL STRAPS ON HIS CANDID CAMERA.....

I'M BEGINNING TO CATCH ON! THE GUYS WHO MADE THAT SNATCH ARE MEMBERS OF MORELLI'S OLD GANG—!

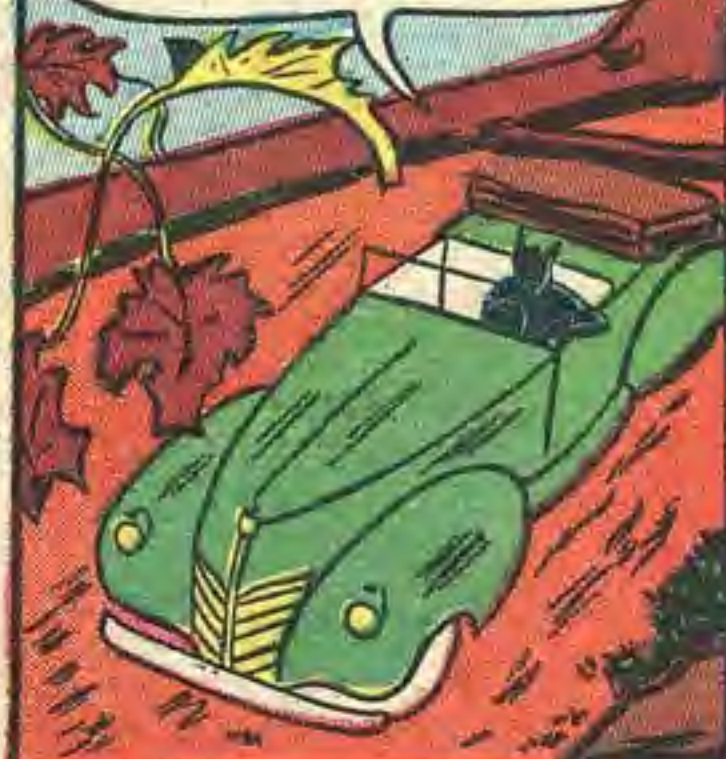


THE KID IS SLUG'S BOY—AND HIS BROTHER WAS TAKING CARE OF HIM—AND NOW THE GANG IS TRYING TO PUT THE PRESSURE ON SLUG TO TELL THEM WHERE HE HAS ALL HIS MONEY HIDDEN



ONCE AGAIN THE FOX SWINGS INTO ACTION

—THEY USED TO HAVE A HANGOUT IN THE HILLS!



IF I'M IN THE RIGHT PLACE, IT'LL BE SOME SCOOP—! AH, THERE IT IS!



OH-OH—SOMEONE ELSE HAS THE SAME IDEA—!

WHO'S THAT? WHERE ARE YOU? I'LL SHOOT!



BE CAREFUL WITH THAT GUN!

LET GO OF ME! WHAT ARE YOU, A SPOOK?



UGGH!—YOU'RE CHOKIN' ME!

DROP THAT GUN—! DROP IT!



HOLY MACKERAL!
I KNOW WHO
YOU ARE—!
YOU'RE THE
FOX!

THAT'S
RIGHT—!
AND YOU'RE
— SLUGS
MORELLI!
I WANT TO
TALK WITH
YOU—!



— NOW TALK FAST!
AND TELL ME THE
TRUTH—! I THINK
I CAN HELP YOU—!
WHY'D YOU BREAK
OUT OF JAIL WHEN
YOUR SENTENCE
WAS ALMOST UP?



— MY OLD GANG
WARNED ME THEY'D
SNATCH MY KID IF
I DIDN'T TELL 'EM
WHERE I HID MY
DOUGH— BUT I
TURNED EVERY-
THING OVER TO
THE COPS WHEN
THEY SENT ME UP
— HONEST!



I BELIEVE
YOU! AND
THEN YOU
BROKE OUT
TO SAVE
YOUR KID!

YES! HE
MEANS EVERY-
THING TO ME!
THEY KNEW
THAT— AND
THAT I WAS
GOING STRAIGHT
WHEN I CAME
OUT—!



OKAY, SLUGS— I'M GOING TO
HELP YOU SAVE YOUR SON!
ALL I WANT IS YOUR WORD
THAT YOU'LL GIVE YOUR-
SELF UP—!

IT'S A PROMISE!
FOX, LET'S GET
GOIN'—!



— FER TH—
I TRIPPED!

THEY'LL HEAR
US SURE—!



WELL, WELL! IF
IT AIN'T SLUGSIE!

YEAH WE WUZ
EXPECTIN' YOU, CHUM!
COME RIGHT IN—!

OKAY, BOYS,
YOU GOT ME!



YOU DIDN'T THINK WE WUZ
FOOLISH ENOUGH TO LET
YOU COME AROUND SHOOTIN'
UP THE PLACE, DID'YA?

YOU'RE JUST
AS CLEVER AS
EVER, BOYS!





MIKE! MIKE!
IF THEY'VE HURT
YOU—I'LL—!

RELAX, SLUGSIE!
BUT ONE MOVE
OUT OF YOU AND
I'LL LET THE KID
HAVE IT, UNDERSTAND!



—NOW LET'S TALK SHOP!—I
MIGHT AS WELL TELL YA,
YOU AINT LEAVING HERE
ALIVE!—BUT IF YOU WANT
TO SAVE YER KID —
TALK FAST!

OKAY, WHAT
DO YA WANT
TO KNOW?



WHERE'D YOU HIDE
ALL THE LOOT YOU
COLLECTED WHILE
YOU WAS THE BIG
SHOT IN TOWN?

I TOLD YOU
I DON'T HAVE
ANYTHING!



OKAY, BIGGSY,
LET THE BRAT
HAVE IT!

WHAT-
EVER
YOU SAY,
BOSS!

YOU DIRTY
RATS! IF
YOU PULL
THAT
TRIGGER—



HOW CAN I TAKE
PICTURES WHEN YOU
WON'T HOLD STILL!

WHAT
TH—!

WHERE
IN TH—!

AT THAT INSTANT A DARK FIGURE DASHES
INTO THE ROOM.



ROLL OUTA THE WAY, BOSS!
LEMME PLUG THOSE MONKEYS!



—SLUGS MORELLI'S SON JOINS THE FREE-FOR-
ALL!

NOW I GOT YOU!—
ULP—WHY YOU
LITTLE BRAT!



STEVE STACEY

SKY DETECTIVE

story by
H.A. BIERN

A STUDENT FLYER AT STATE UNIVERSITY LEARNING TO FLY UNDER THE CIVIL AERONAUTICS AUTHORITY PROGRAM, IS HAVING TROUBLE WITH HIS SHIP.....IT'S IN A NOSE DIVE.

WZUFW



HERE IS YOUR MONEY. I'LL LET YOU KNOW WHEN IT IS TIME FOR THE NEXT ONE!

THANKS, PROF. I'LL BE SEEIN' YOU!



ACH, GREASY YOU DID A GOOD JOB, THIS TIME!

YEH, DIDN'T I! I AIN'T SEEN THE ONE COME OUT OF A DIVE, AFTER I FIXES 'EM!

AT PROFESSOR SCHULTZ'S HOUSE ON THE CAMPUS



LET'S SEE THEM GET FIFTY THOUSAND PILOTS A YEAR AT THIS RATE!



HEY, GREASY!... SAY, JOYCE, I WOULD SWEAR THAT WAS GREASY FROM THE AIRPORT!

WHY, STEVE STACEY! WHAT WOULD A GREASE MONKEY BE DOING, CALLING ON THE HEAD OF THE GERMAN DEPARTMENT?



WELL, I DON'T KNOW, IT SURE LOOKED LIKE HIM. BUT TO GET BACK TO THOSE CRASHES. AS THE C.A.A. INSTRUCTOR HERE, I DON'T FEEL TOO WELL.

BUT YOU CAN'T BE BLAMED FOR THOSE CRASHES, STEVE.

I JUST CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY THREE OF MY BEST PUPILS COULDN'T PULL OUT OF SIMPLE NOSE DIVES.

MAYBE IT WASN'T THEIR FAULT, MAYBE SOMEONE....

GOOD EVENING, FRAULEIN BARTON, HERR STACEY.

WHAT A FOOL I'VE BEEN. SABOTAGE, OF COURSE! WHY HELLO, PROFESSOR SCHULTZ.



PROFESSOR, IF I'M NOT BEING TOO INQUISITIVE, WASN'T THAT GREASY, THE MECHANIC FROM THE AIRPORT, WHO JUST LEFT YOUR HOUSE?

(COUGH) ER, GREASY, I'M SORRY I DO NOT KNOW THIS PERSON.

WELL, I... OH, WELL, GOOD NIGHT, PROFESSOR.

SEE, I TOLD YOU SO!

GOOD NIGHT.

THE MEDDLESOME FOOLS! I'LL HAVE GREASY TAKE CARE OF THE GIRL IN THE MORNING.



HM-M-M, THAT'S A QUEER LOOKING CONTRAPTION. MAYBE A CLUE.

CONNECTED TO THE ENGINE? I'M GOING TO ANALYZE THAT BLOOD THEY TOOK FROM THE POOR LAD WHO DIED YESTERDAY.

LATER.....
JUST AS I THOUGHT, MONOXIDE POISONING!



THE NEXT MORNING, STEVE EXAMINES THE WRECKAGE OF ONE OF THE PLANES



HELLO, JOYCE BARTON..
AT THE AIRPORT... *OH MY
GOSH! GOODBYE!*... I BETTER
GET THERE QUICK, SHE
MAY BE THE NEXT ONE!



MEANWHILE, AT THE
AIRPORT

ALL SET, MISS BARTON,
YOU CAN TAKE
HER UP NOW.

THANKS, GREASY.
CONTACT!



AT THAT MOMENT STEVE ARRIVES

TOO LATE,
THERE
SHE GOES!



HEY, JOE, JOYCE IS IN
TROUBLE. WE HAVE
TO SAVE HER.

SURE THING,
STEVE. HOP IN!



MEANWHILE, ABOARD
JOYCE'S PLANE. THE GAS IS
ALREADY AT WORK!



STEADY, STEVIE, YOU'VE
JUST GOT TO
MAKE IT.



COME ON, GAL,
WE GOT THINGS
TO DO!



STEVE DRAWS THE UNCON-
SCIOUS FIGURE OF JOYCE
FROM THE PLANE'S CABIN

STEVE AND JOYCE FLOAT
SAFELY TO EARTH...



THANK HEAVEN,
SHE'S ALL RIGHT.
NOW FOR
GREASY.



I DIDN'T PLAY
FOOTBALL FOR
FOUR YEARS FOR
NOTHING.



O.K. GREASY, THE JIG'S UP. I
FOUND OUT HOW YOU DIVER-
TED THE EXHAUST INTO THE
PLANES THAT CRASHED.
YOU ARE GOING TO
BURN FOR THIS.

WELL, I
AIN'T BURN-
ING ALONE--THE
PROFESSOR IS THE
GUY YOU WANT. IF YOU
CAN CATCH HIM.



TAKE CARE OF THIS
GUY FELLOWS. I'M TAK-
ING THE GYRO TO
HEAD THE PROFESSOR
OFF!



HE MUST BE HEADED
FOR THE WEST ROAD.
I'LL GET HIM.



THAT'S WHAT I
CALL GOOD LAND-
ING.



I HOPE YOU WEREN'T
PLANNING A LONG TRIP,
PROFESSOR. YOU HAVE
A DATE WITH THE
ELECTRIC CHAIR.



STEVE, I'M SO
PROUD OF
YOU.

TELEGRAM
FOR YOU,
MR. STACEY.



IT'S FROM THE C.A.A. THEY
WANT ME TO COME TO WASH-
INGTON AS A SPECIAL
INVESTIGATOR!
WASHINGTON, HERE
I COME.

HERE YOU COME?
HERE WE COME!



MORE ADVENTURES OF STEVE
STACEY IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF
BLUE RIBBON COMICS

Corporal

COLLINS

INFANTRYMAN

CORPORAL COLLINS HAS TRANSFERRED HIS ALLEGIANCE FROM FRANCE TO ENGLAND. HE IS ASSIGNED TO TRANSPORTING GERMAN PRISONERS FROM ENGLAND TO CANADA!



EXCUSE ME,
CAPTAIN! ONE OF
MY LITTLE CHICK-
ADEES HAS FLOWN
THE COOP I'LL BE
RIGHT BACK.

BE CAREFUL
COLLINS! THOSE
NAZIS ARE A
DESPERATE
LOT.



TAKING THESE SOUR
KRAUTS TO CANADA
WON'T BE EASY.



COME JUST
A LEETLE
CLOSER...

HEY, YOU
DUMB HEINIE.
COME OUT, IF
YOU KNOW WHAT
IS GOOD FOR
YOU.



I DON'T KNOW
WHERE YOU ARE
BUT I KNOW YOU
WON'T GO FAR!
GIVE YOURSELF
UP!





YOU SCUM! DROP THAT NAIL FILE OR YOU'RE A DEAD PIGEON!

ACH!

SUDDENLY, ANOTHER FIGURE COMES BETWEEN CORPORAL COLLINS AND THE NAZI!



SUFFERIN' MACKEREL! CORP COLLINS!

NOW, WHERE HAVE I SEEN THAT HOME- LY PUSS BE- FOR? IT MUST BE SERGEANT BOYLE!



YOU SON OF A GUN! IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU! HOW COME A CLUMSY GUY LIKE YOU LASTED SO LONG IN THIS MAN'S WAR?

JUST DUMB LUCK, SAME AS I HAD WHEN THAT BROAD- SIDE OF YOURS LANDED. I HAVE- N'T SEEN YOU SINCE--



I SNEAKED AROUND YOUR SECONDARY IN OUR TRADITIONAL N.Y.U.-FORDHAM GAME.

SO YOU'RE ALSO MAK- ING THIS TRIP TO CANA- DA! MAYBE WE'LL BE ABLE TO TAKE IN THE ALUMNI DANCE.

ALL ABOARD



HOOOO HOOOO



I'LL JUST MAKE IT!

COLLINS'LL KILL ME IF I MISS THE BOAT.



JUST LIKE A SAILOR! DUMBER THAN HE LOOKS, IF THAT'S POS- SIBLE.

WHY, YOU FUGI- TIVE FROM A NAPOLEON COS- TUME! WHY DON'T YOU WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOIN? BESIDES I'M NOT A SAILOR.

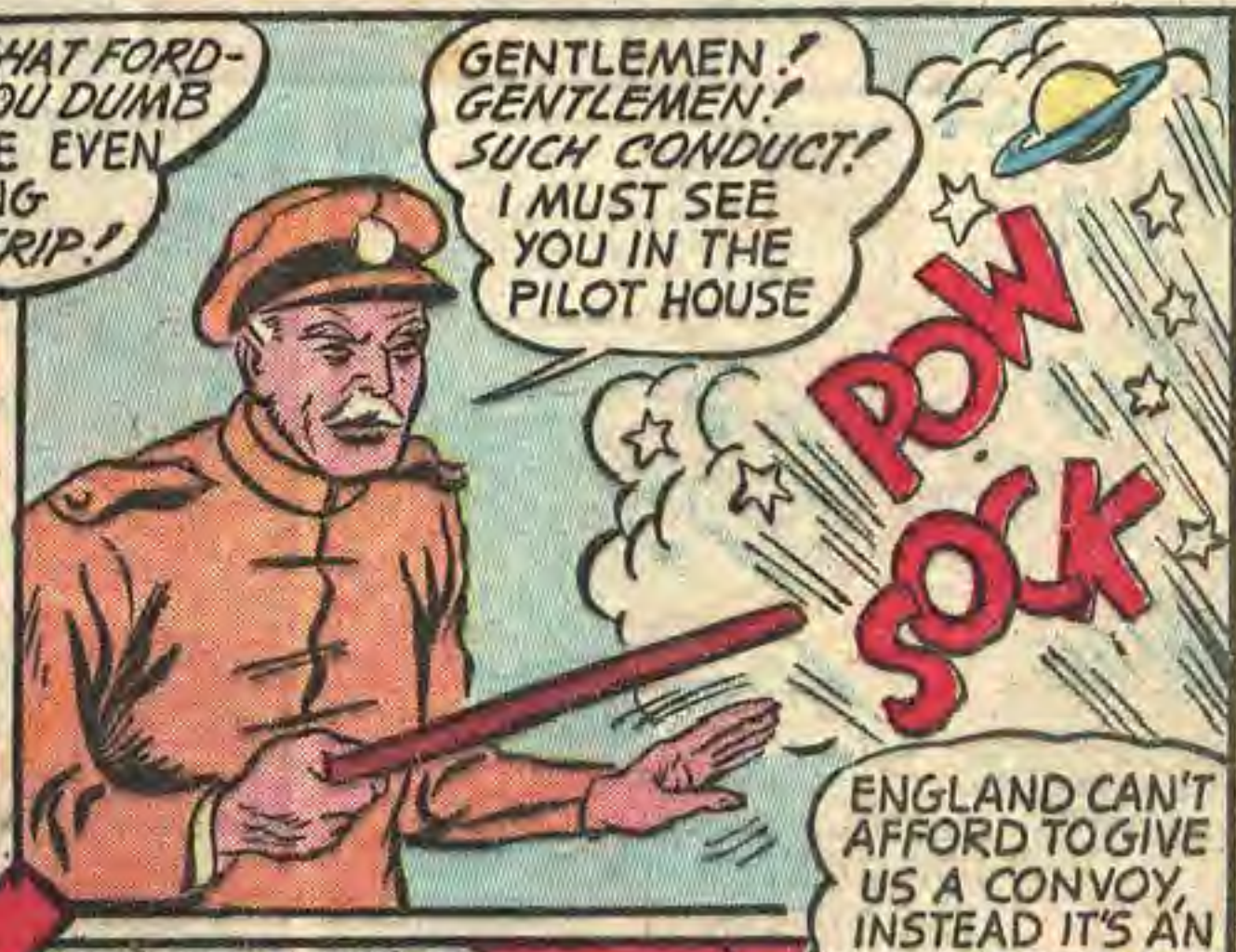


SLAPSIE, YOU FAT HEAD! GRAB THAT ROPE AND WE'LL PULL YOU UP.

TWERP! MAYBE YOU DON'T WANT TO MAKE THIS TRIP.

I DO, HONEST! BUT THIS DODO KEPT ME BACK!

I WAS A CINCH TO MAKE IT UNTIL THIS GOOF TRIPPED ME.



AT EIGHT THE SHIP IS
THROWN INTO DARKNESS



BUT FOR ONE TREACHEROUS CAN-
DLE LIGHT ON THE PORT SIDE.



WE GOT
THE
SIGNAL
SHHH!

PULL IT UP
GENTLY AND
MAKE FAST!

FROM OUT OF
THE DEPTHS.



FIVE GO
FORE AND
FIVE GO AFT
WE'LL COVER
THE MAIN
DECK.

A GERMAN SUB
APPEARS AND
TIES ON-



THE SHIP'S CREW ARE
WAYLAID, ONE BY ONE...



BELOW, THE
PRISONERS
ARE RELEASED
AND ARMED.

FREEDOM!

ANOTHER CHANCE
FOR DER VATERLAND!

HERE'S A
GUN. USE IT
WELL! HEIL!

HURRY!



MAYBE YOU DONT REMEMBER HER, BUT THAT LITTLE BLONDE, FRANCES, WHO GAVE YOU THE AIR BACK IN THE STATES, SENT ME HER PICTURE

OH-OH! HERE THEY COME... HEY! WHERE DID YOU GUYS GET ALL THAT STUFF?

WE SWAPPED CHOCOLATES FOR THEM

YEAH, HEINIES JUST LOVE MILK CHOCO LATE!

IS THAT SO! THEN WHAT ARE THOSE TWO BUMPS IN YOUR HAT, SLAPSIE?

HEH, HEH! IMAGINE THAT... DICE! NOW HOW DID THEY GET IN THERE?

THAT'S FUNNY... CHOW BELL SHOULDA RUNG AT EIGHT... IT'S TEN AFTER, NOW!

C'MON, CORP.. IT'S ROAST BEEF TONIGHT LET'S EAT!

YOU GO ALONG - I'LL BE RIGHT WITH YOU

STICK 'EM UP! YOU ARE NOW PRISONERS OF GERMANY!

I WOULD LIKE TO SHOOT THEM

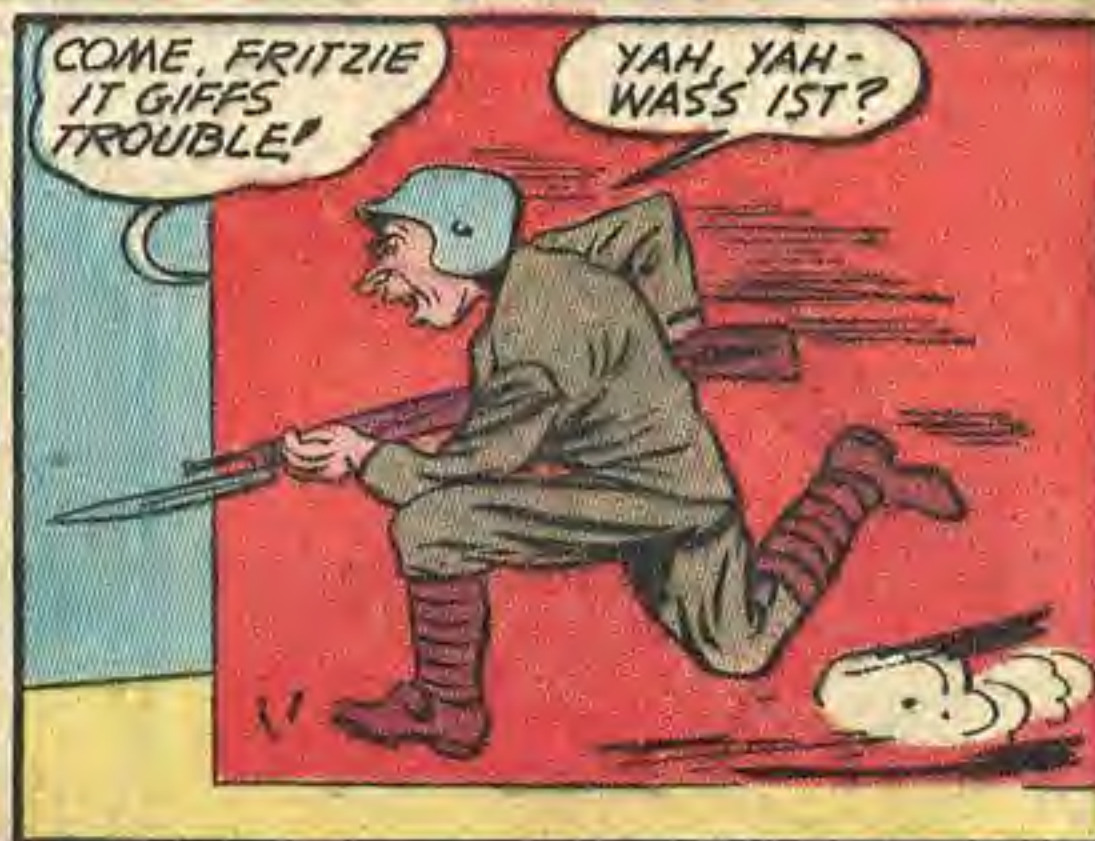
I WAS WRONG! WE'RE HAVIN' SOURKRAUTS FOR DINNER!

SOURKRAUTS? THEY'RE IN TROUBLE!

HEINIES! THEY MUST HAVE SNEAKED UP ON BOYLE, OR HE'D HAVE LAID THEM OUT!

STEP LIVELY!

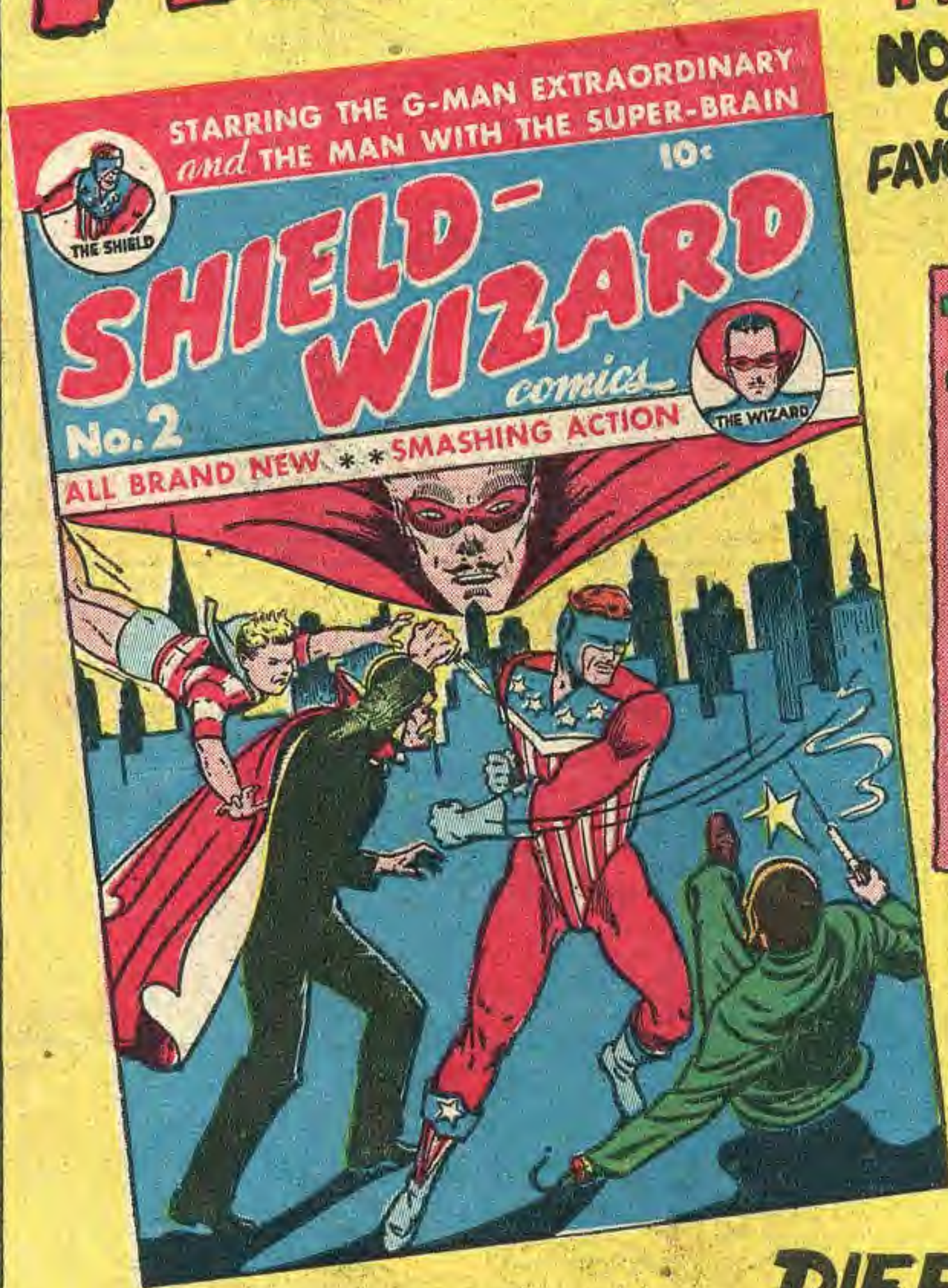
I WONDER HOW THEY GOT ON BOARD? THESE DUDS MAY GET ME IN THE KNOW!





HERE IT IS

THE NEW
NO.2 ISSUE
OF YOUR
FAVORITE MAGAZINE



LOOK
FOR
Tommy
THE
SUPER
BOY!

ALL
NEW!
ALL

DIFFERERENT

ON SALE AT ALL NEWSTANDS

TY GOR

SON OF
THE
TIGER

TYRONE GORMAN, RAISED BY A TIGRESS IN THE WILDS OF MALAY, HAS BEEN BROUGHT TO AMERICA BY EXPLORER DAVIS AND HIS DAUGHTER, JOAN.... THE JUNGLE BOY-SEEKING EXERCISE-DISCOVERED A GYMNASIUM NEAR HIS HOME, AND THROUGH A STRANGE SERIES OF ADVENTURES, HE ARRIVED IN MADISON SQUARE GARDEN WHERE HE KNOCKED OUT TONY PIMENTO IN A BOXING BOUT.... TY-GOR ENJOYED THE SPORT IMMENSELY, AND NOW...

BY MESKIN AND BLAIR -



TY-GOR RETURNS TO MIKE SHORT'S GYM... THROUGH HIS OWN 'PRIVATE' ENTRANCE - THE SKYLIGHT!!



AI... YI! HE'S BACK AGAIN! WHAT HAPPENS TO ME, SHOULDN'T HAPPEN TO A DOG! I SHOULDA STOOD IN BED, YET!



HEY! HERE'S THAT TY-GOR GUY AGAIN!



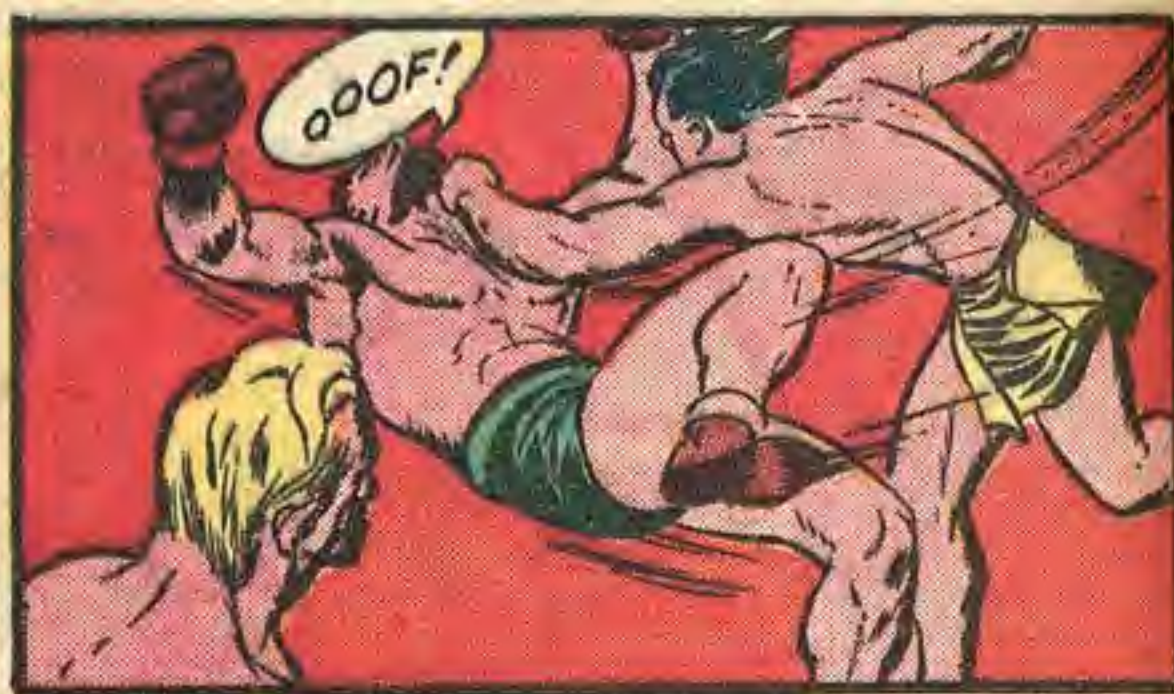
TY-GOR! TY-GOR! FIGHT, FIGHT, FIGHT!!

MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE DAVIS' HOME...

DAD, ARE YOU SURE TY-GOR IS IN BED?

OF COURSE, JOAN! I WAS JUST IN TO LOOK AT HIM.... HE'S SLEEPING LIKE A BABY!





HE STREAKS DOWN BROADWAY...



CIRCUS-TON

WHO'S THIS GUY? MAHATMA GHANDI'S KID?



TICKETS!! TICKETS!! TICK... HEY!!



WHAT ACT ARE YOU IN, BUD? THE PERFORMERS' ENTRANCE IS ON 50TH STREET!



TY-GOR IS AMAZED TO FIND THAT THE BOXING RING HAS DISAPPEARED SINCE HIS LAST VISIT...

STOP THAT KID!! HE AIN'T GOT NO TICKET!!



TY-GOR RACES INTO THE ARENA...



WHAT DO WE DO, NOW?



STAY AWAY!! STAY AWAY!!



TY-GOR LEAPS OFF INTO SPACE...



THE AUDIENCE
SHRIEKS IN
HORROR!



BUT TY-GOR LANDS IN THE
SAFETY NET, FAR BELOW...



MR. SOUTH!
COME QUICK,
THERE'S A
MANIAC
LOOSE!

WHERE?

IN THE
MAIN ARENA,
COME ON!



WELL! DON'T STAND THERE!
TRY TO CATCH HIM AND
BRING HIM HERE! I'LL SIGN
HIM UP! HE'S TERRIFIC!



TY-GOR LEADS HIS PURSUERS
AROUND THE WILD ANIMAL CAGE...



THE TRAINER TAKES HIS
EYES OFF THE BEASTS
FOR AN INSTANT....



...AND THE
BIG CATS
SPRING
UPON
HIM!



IT'S A
MASSACRE!!

I CAN'T
LOOK!

IN A MOMENT, THE ENTIRE GARDEN IS IN AN UPROAR!



LOOK OUT!
THAT KID IS
GOIN' TOWARDS
THE CAGE DOOR!



TY-GOR!
TY-GOR!!



COME BACK!
YOU'LL BE
KILLED IN
THERE!!

TOO
LATE!!



AS TY-GOR ENTERS THE
CAGE, A TIGER TURNS
AND SPRINGS!!



HE RAPS THE BEAST
SHARPLY ON THE NOSE!



AND ORDERS IT
TO ITS PLACE!



THEN, WITH A LIGHTNING
MOVE...



...HE LEAPS ASTRIDE THE TIGER WHICH CAUSED THE OUTBREAK!

TY-GOR JOCKIES THE
HUGE BENGAL TO
ITS PERCH...



...THEN GIVES IT A THOROUGH
TONGUE-LASHING AS THE
OTHER BEASTS ROAR THEIR
APPROVAL...



THE JUNGLE BOY CARRIES THE
INJURED TRAINER TO SAFETY...



SAINTS BE
PRAISED!

TY-GOR

IT'S A
MIRACLE!!

C'MON! THE
BOSS SAID
FOR US TO
CATCH HIM!

LET'S GRAB
'IM NOW! HE
AIN'T LOOKIN'!



NO! NO!



TY-GOR SPEEDS OUT OF THE
GARDEN AND RACES UP
THE STREET!



LATER... HE CLIMBS QUIETLY
BACK INTO HIS ROOM...



...THE POLICE TONITE ARE
SCOURING THE CITY FOR
A STRANGE BOY WHO
LEAPED INTO THE WILD
ANIMAL CAGE AT THE CIR-
CLIS AND SAVED THE
TRAINER'S LIFE!...
THIS BOY....



DAD!

OH! OH! THAT
SOUNDS LIKE TY-
GOR! DO YOU
SUPPOSE....

SHH! HE'S SOUND
ASLEEP... JUST
AS YOU LEFT
HIM HOURS
AGO!

UH-HUH!
BUT I HAVE
A HUNCH THAT...
OH, WELL!
IT COULDN'T
HAVE BEEN TY-
GOR AFTER ALL!



TY-GOR, SON OF THE TIGER,
CONTINUES HIS AMAZING
ADVENTURES IN THE NEXT
ISSUE OF -BLUE RIBBON
COMICS-

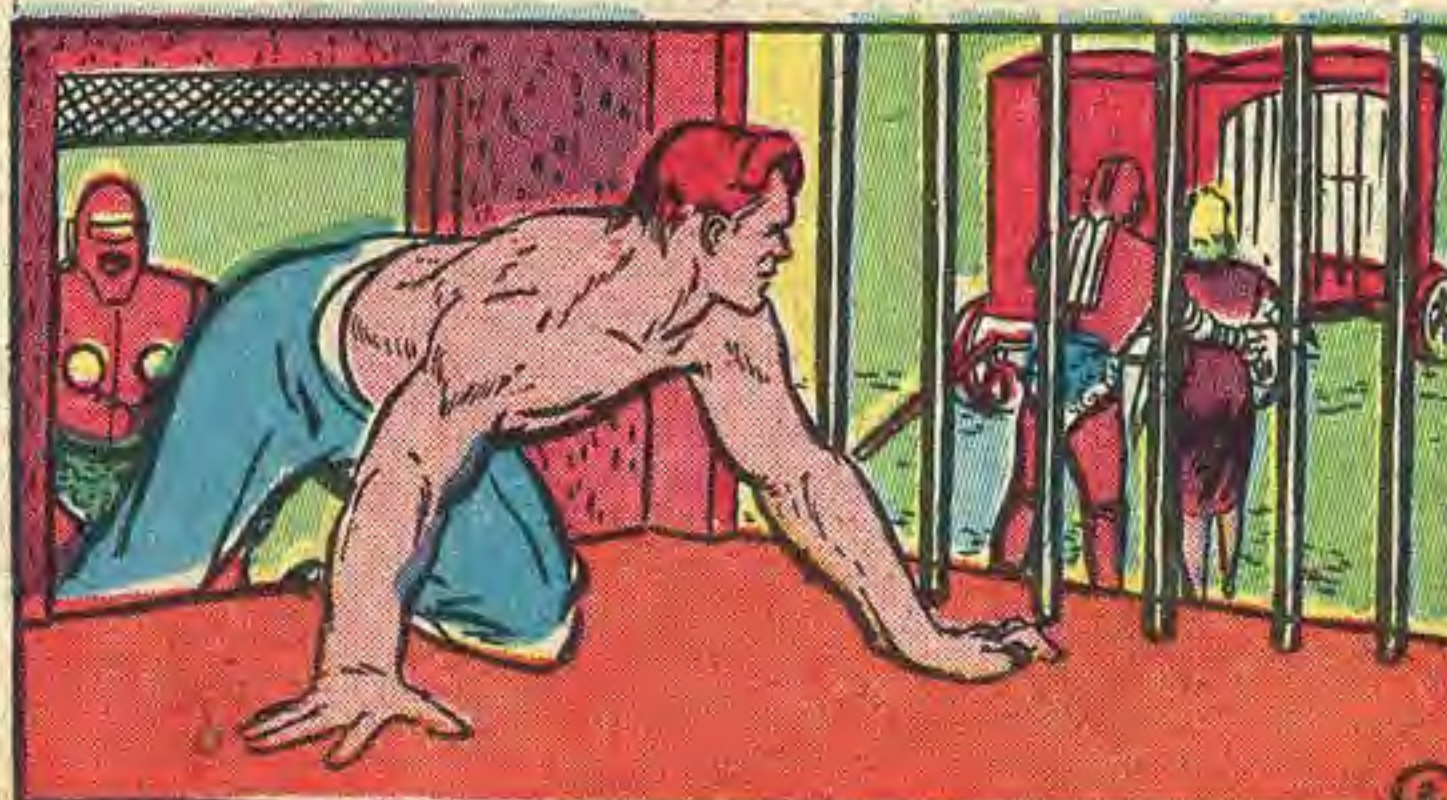
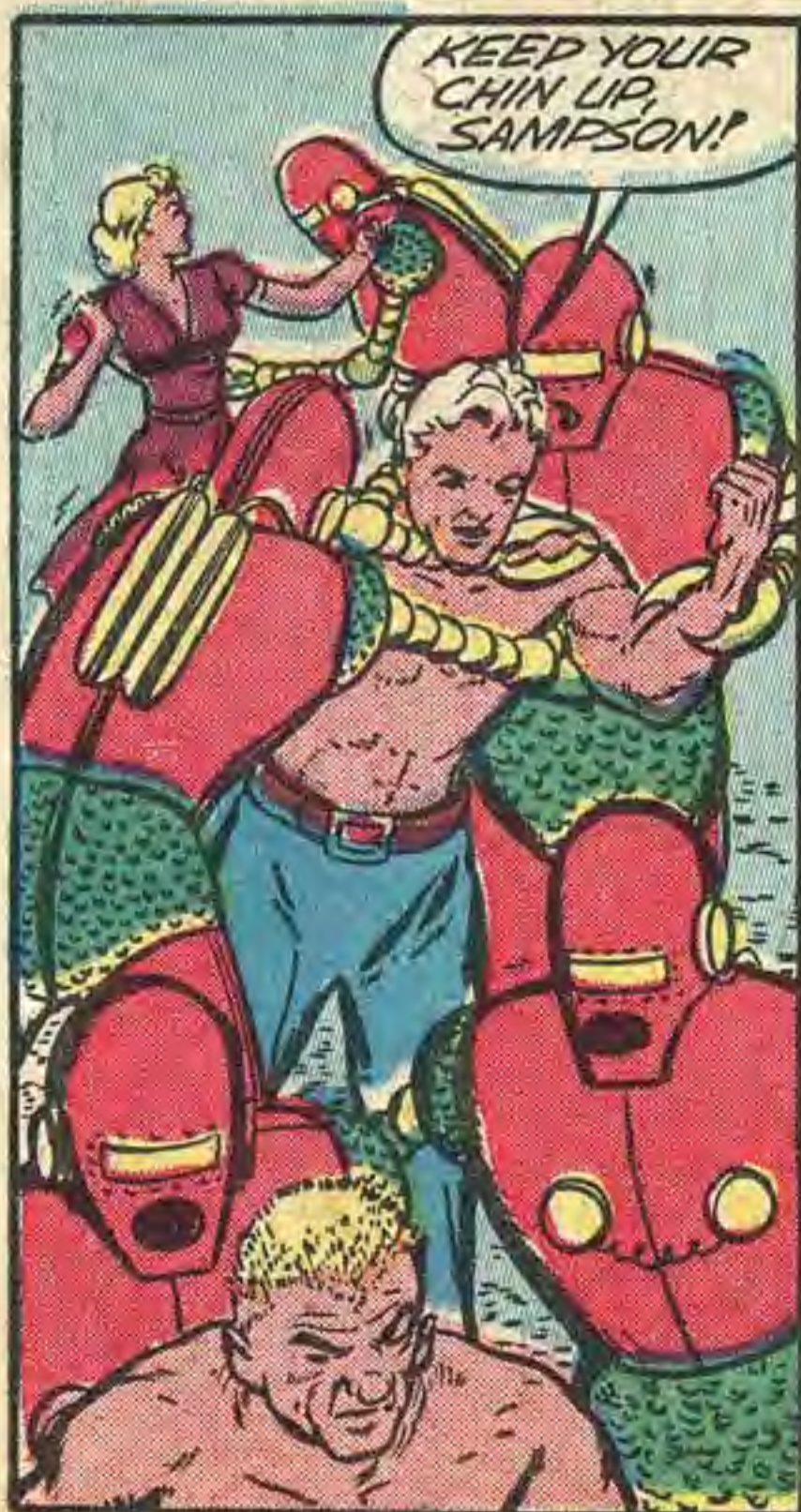
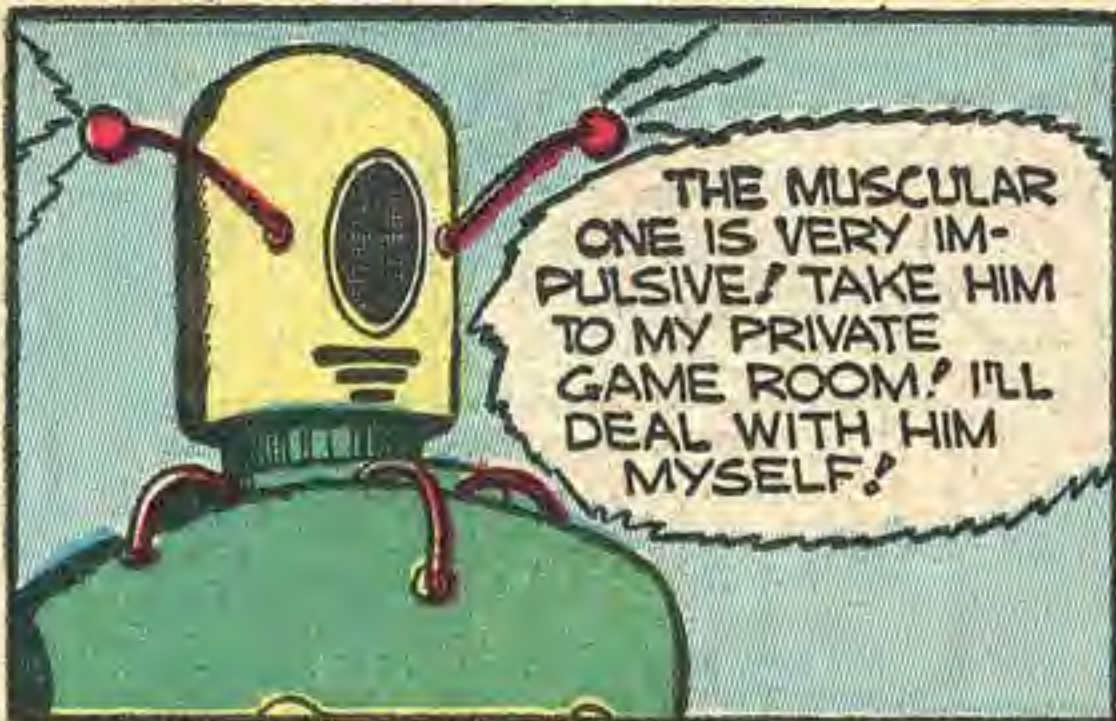
DOC STRONG

AND THE ISLE OF RIGHT

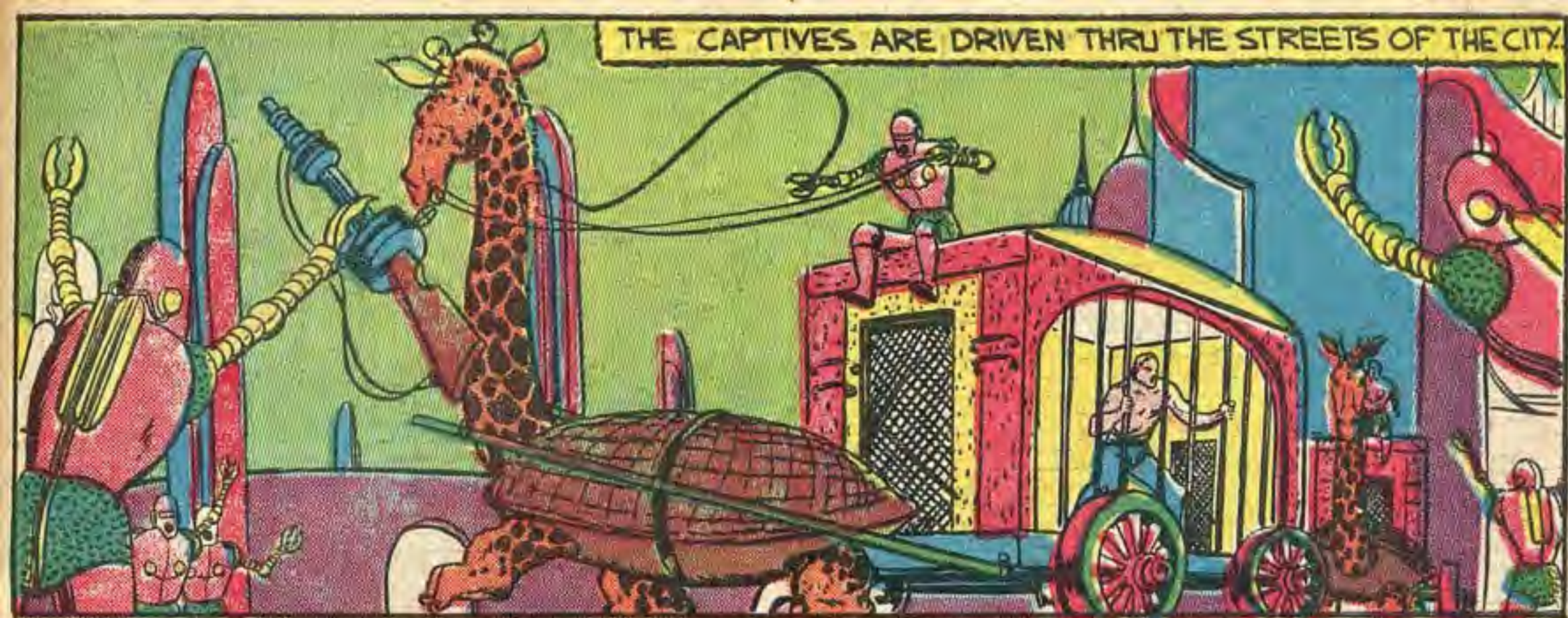
IT IS THE YEAR 2040... DOC STRONG AND HIS FRIENDS HAVE BEEN OVERPOWERED AND TAKEN FROM THE ISLE OF RIGHT, BY A STRANGE GROUP OF CREATURES. AFTER MANY DAYS IN A ROCKET SHIP, THEY LAND ON THE PLANET MARS-AND ARE BROUGHT BEFORE THE MONSTROUS KING OF THE MARTIANS!

MESKIN - BLAIR





THE CAPTIVES ARE DRIVEN THRU THE STREETS OF THE CITY.



...INTO A HUGE COLISEUM...



I'M BEGINNING TO GET THE IDEA OF ALL THIS NOW! ALICE LOOK-COMING THRU THOSE GATES!

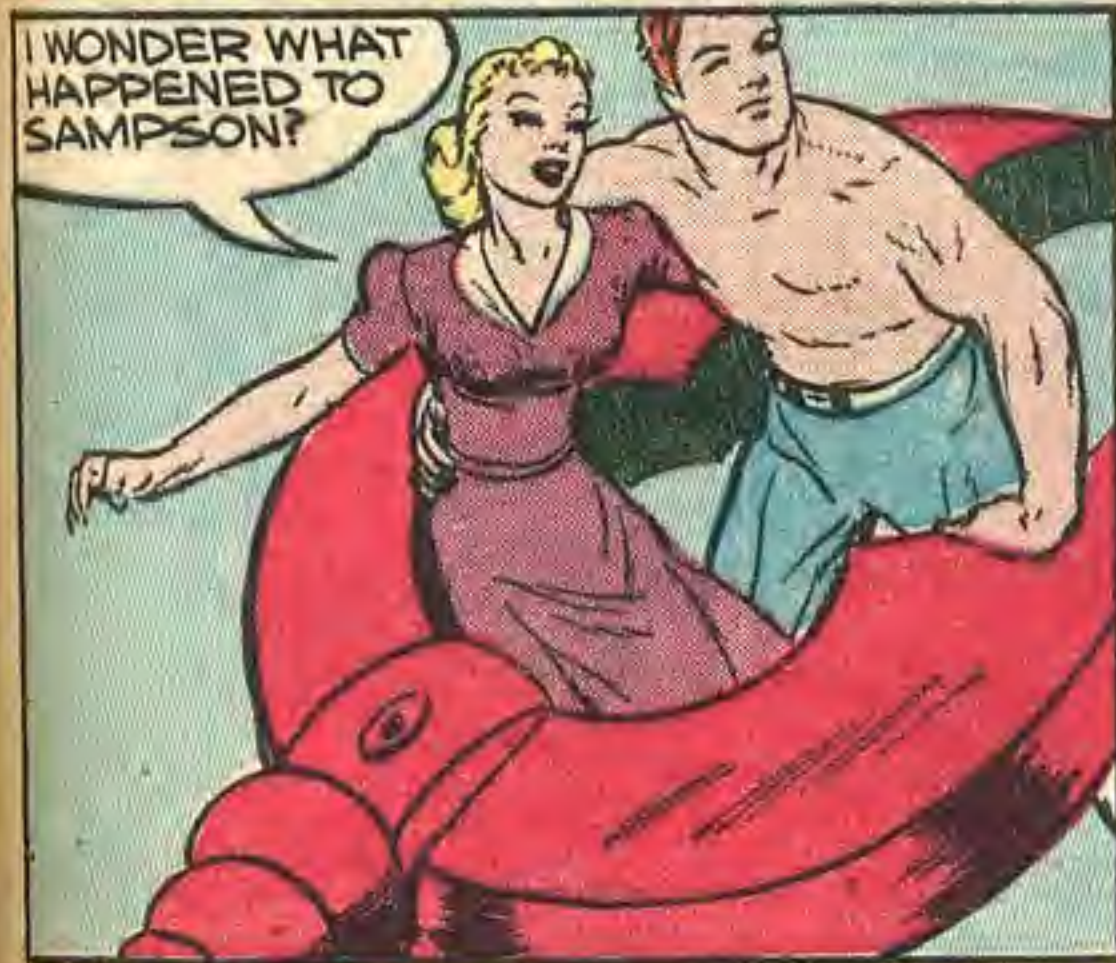


ATOP THE WALL-TWO MARTIANS HEAVE ON GUY ROPES



...THE SIDES OF THE CAGES COLLAPSE-LEAVING DOC AND ALICE EXPOSED TO THE HORRIBLE MARTIAN MONSTERS!







HEY, STINKY!
COME ON
DOWN!



THE DOOR IN THE HEAD OF
MARTIAN KING SWINGS OPEN

OKAY,
SWEDE!



AND SAMPSON'S FRIEND
SLIDES DOWN OVER THE
GREAT MONSTER'S BODY

THIS IS MORE
FUN THAN
SLIDING
DOWN
THE BAN-
ISTER
BACK
HOME!



ISN'T HE CUTE? DID
YOU CALL HIM
"STINKY," SAMPSON?

SURE! STINKY
JONES! HE
USED TO
LIVE IN
BROOKLYN!

I'LL BE
DOG-GONED!
LOOK AT
HIM!



H'YA FOLKS! SORRY I
SCARED YOU LIKE THAT,
BUT I HAD TO PUT ON A
SHOW FOR
THESE
DUMB
MARTIANS
!!



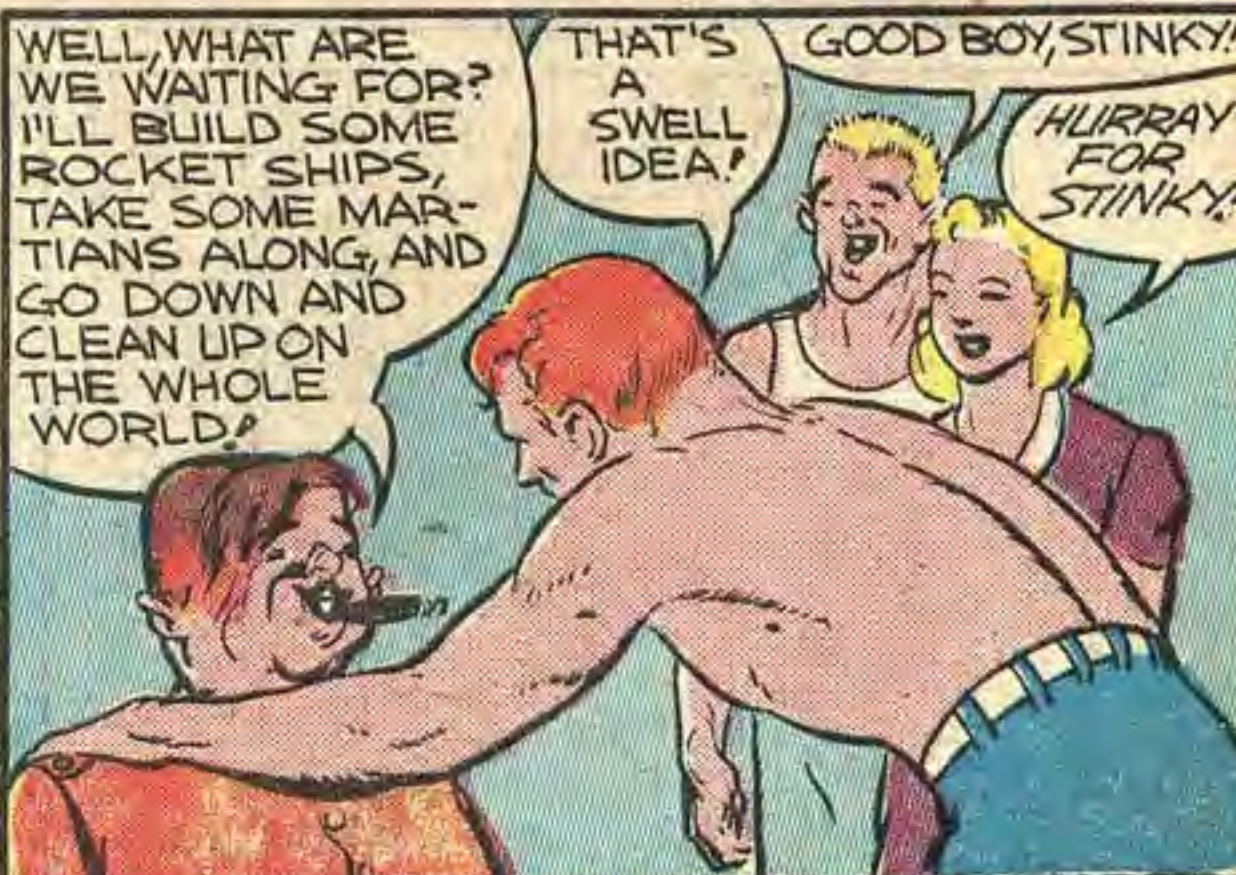
GLAD TO MEET YOU, STINKY!
BUT WHAT IN THE WORLD
ARE YOU DOING HERE
IN MARS?

WELL, DOC,
IT'S A LONG
STORY. I WAS
BUILDING A
ROCKET SHIP
WHEN THE WAR
BROKE
OUT...



SO I FINISHED IT AND
HOPPED OFF. PEOPLE
LAUGHED AT ME, BUT
I LANDED HERE AND
THE MARTIANS THOUGHT
I WAS A GOD OF SOME
KIND..BUT I WAS TOO
LITTLE - SO I BUILT
THAT BIG MACHINE
TO KEEP THEM
PROPERLY AWED!

WE SURE
COULD USE
YOU AND
SOME OF
YOUR MACH-
INES TO
BATTLE A-
GAINST THE
HORDES THAT
ARE OVER-
RUNNING
THE EARTH
!!



WELL, WHAT ARE
WE WAITING FOR?
I'LL BUILD SOME
ROCKET SHIPS,
TAKE SOME MAR-
TIANS ALONG, AND
GO DOWN AND
CLEAN UP ON
THE WHOLE
WORLD!

THAT'S
A
SWELL
IDEA!

GOOD BOY, STINKY!

HURRAY
FOR
STINKY!

DOC, ALICE, AND SAMPSON-WITH THEIR AMAZ-
ING NEW FRIEND, STINKY JONES-CONTINUE
THEIR ACTION-PACKED ADVENTURES IN THE
NEXT ISSUE OF-BLUE RIBBON COMICS-....

LOOP LOGAN

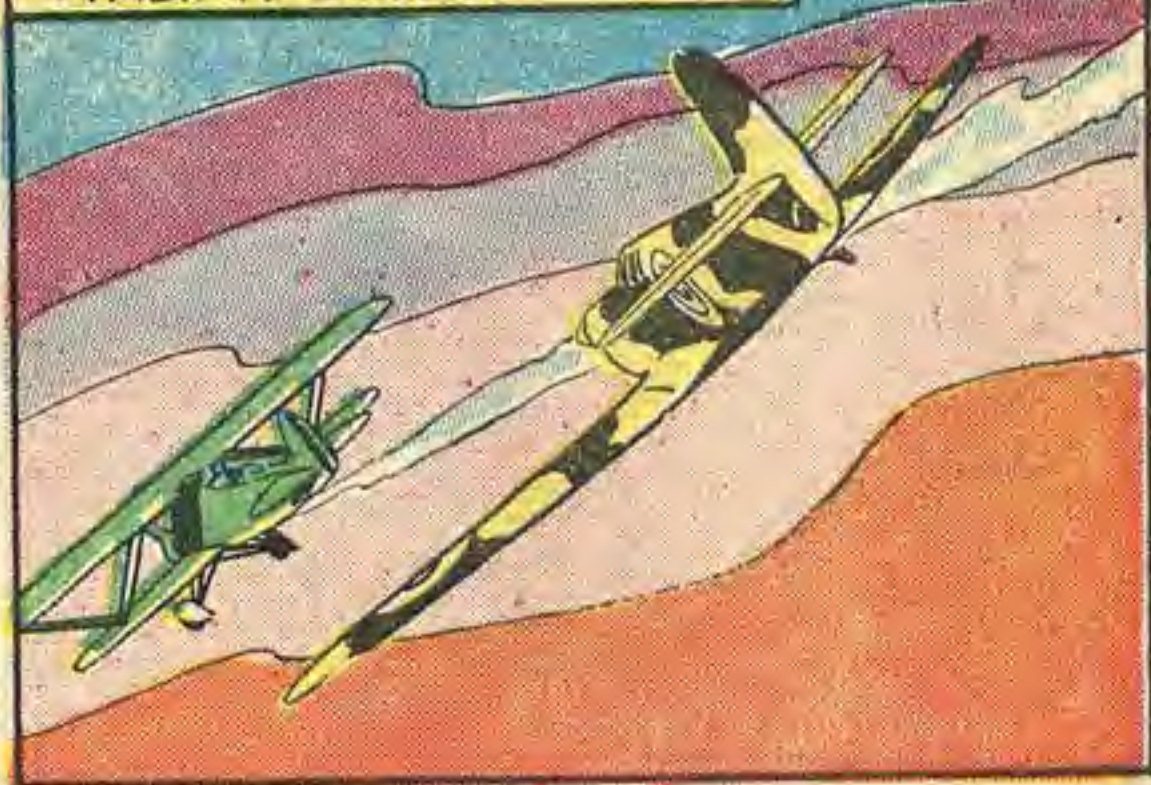
Air Ace

LOOP LOGAN, AMERICAN COMMERCIAL FLYER, IS NOW WITH THE BRITISH AIR FORCES IN EAST AFRICA, DEFENDING THE SUEZ CANAL AGAINST ITALIAN ATTACKS FROM THE SOUTH...

ON A SECRET MISSION FROM ALEXANDRIA TO CAIRO...



LOGAN IS ATTACKED BY ITALIAN SHIPS



BUT THE AMERICAN SOON PUTS AN END TO THE BATTLE

GOT HIM!



AND ARRIVES SAFELY AT THE CAIRO AIR BASE



SEVERAL HOURS LATER, ON A STREET IN CAIRO....

HM! HERE'S WHERE I'M TO MEET THE BRITISH SECRET AGENT



NO BACK TALK! I'LL KICK YOUR BREECHES...

I WOULDN'T DO THAT IF I WERE YOU!



TSK! TSK! TOO BAD! BUT YOU CAN'T SAY YOU DIDN'T TRY!



LOGAN RUNS ACROSS A STREET BRAWL

GET OUTTA ME WAY, YA FILTHY HEATHEN!

SAY! I WONDER WHAT'S UP

OUCH!



OH! BUTTIN' IN, ARE YA, PRETTY BOY? YA WANT'A BE SMACKED, HUH?

NOT ESPECIALLY, BUT IF YOU FEEL LIKE TRYING...



MUCH THANKS, PLEASE! ME CLATRA! ME DO GOOD TO YOU SOME TIME!

FORGET IT, CLATRA! JUST KEEP YOUR FINGERS CROSSED FOR THE BRITISH FLYERS!

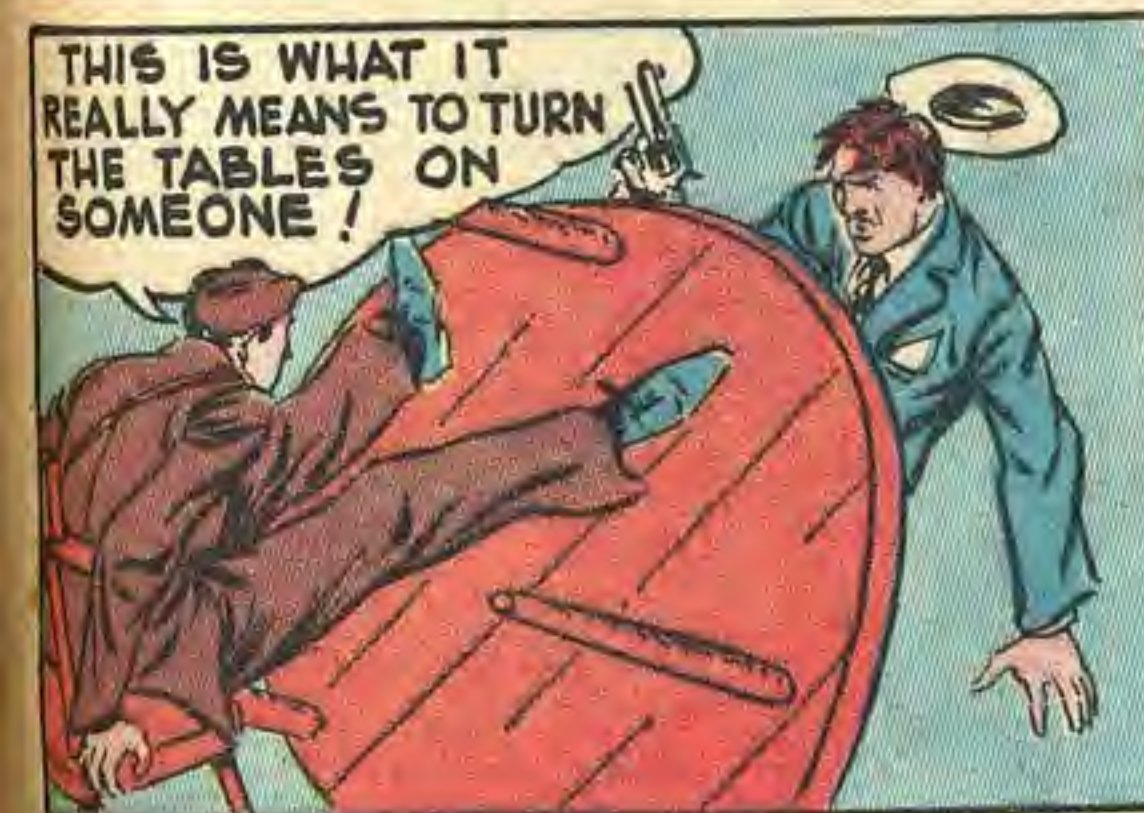


CLATRA DO! CROSS FINGERS DOUBLE!



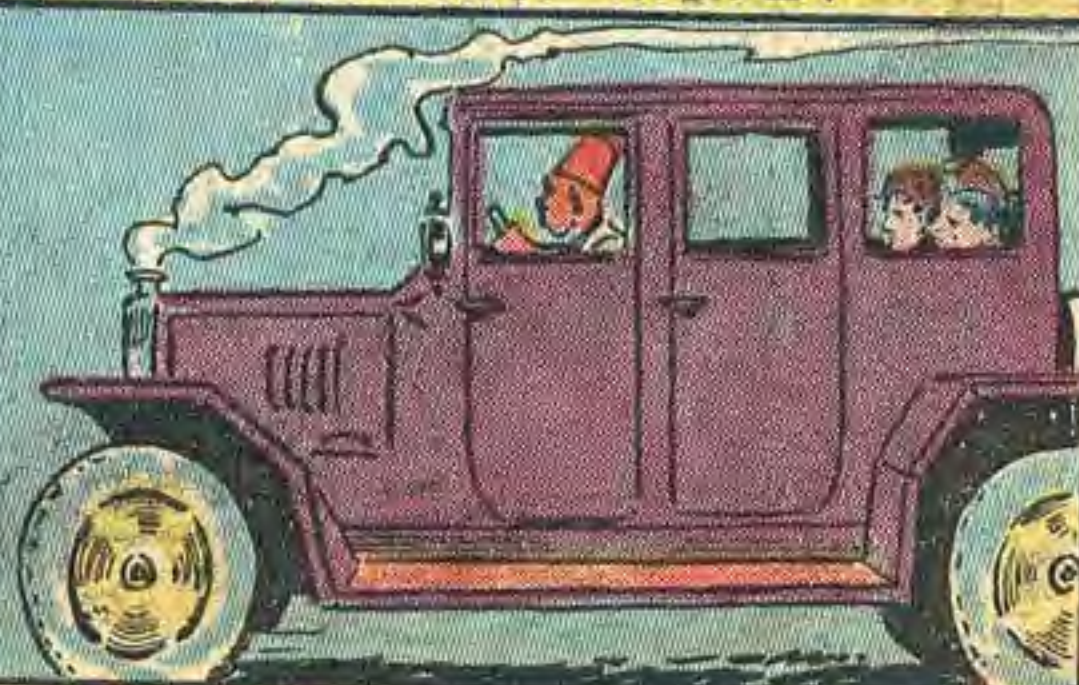
YOU'RE LOGAN, I TAKE IT? COME WITH ME! I HAVE A BOOTH WHERE WE CAN TALK!



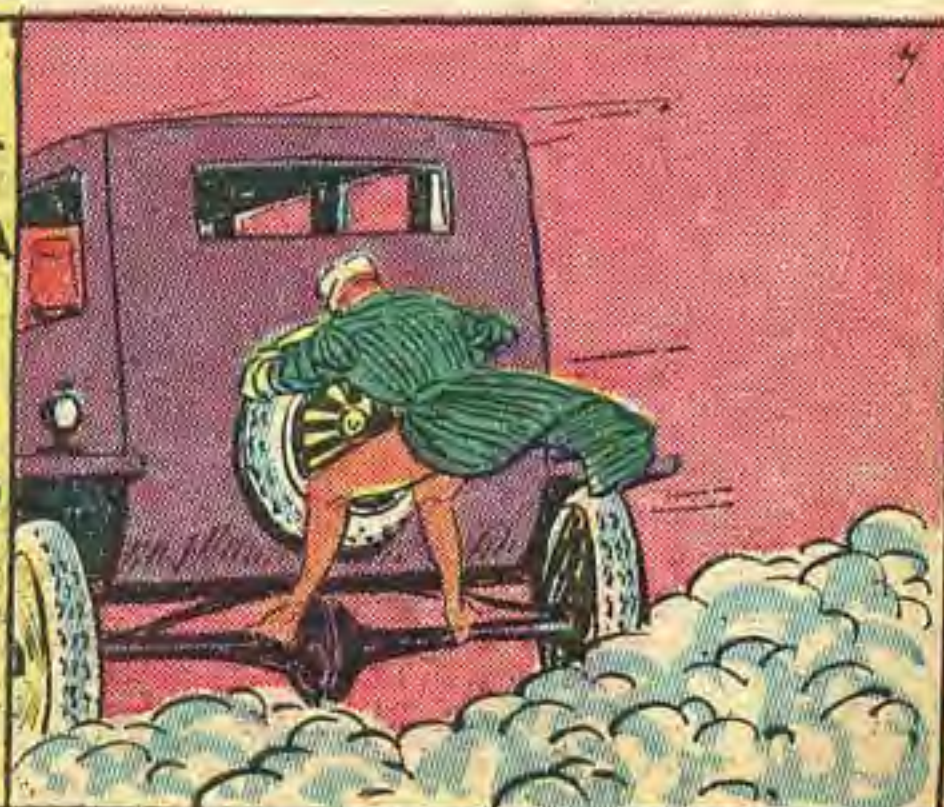


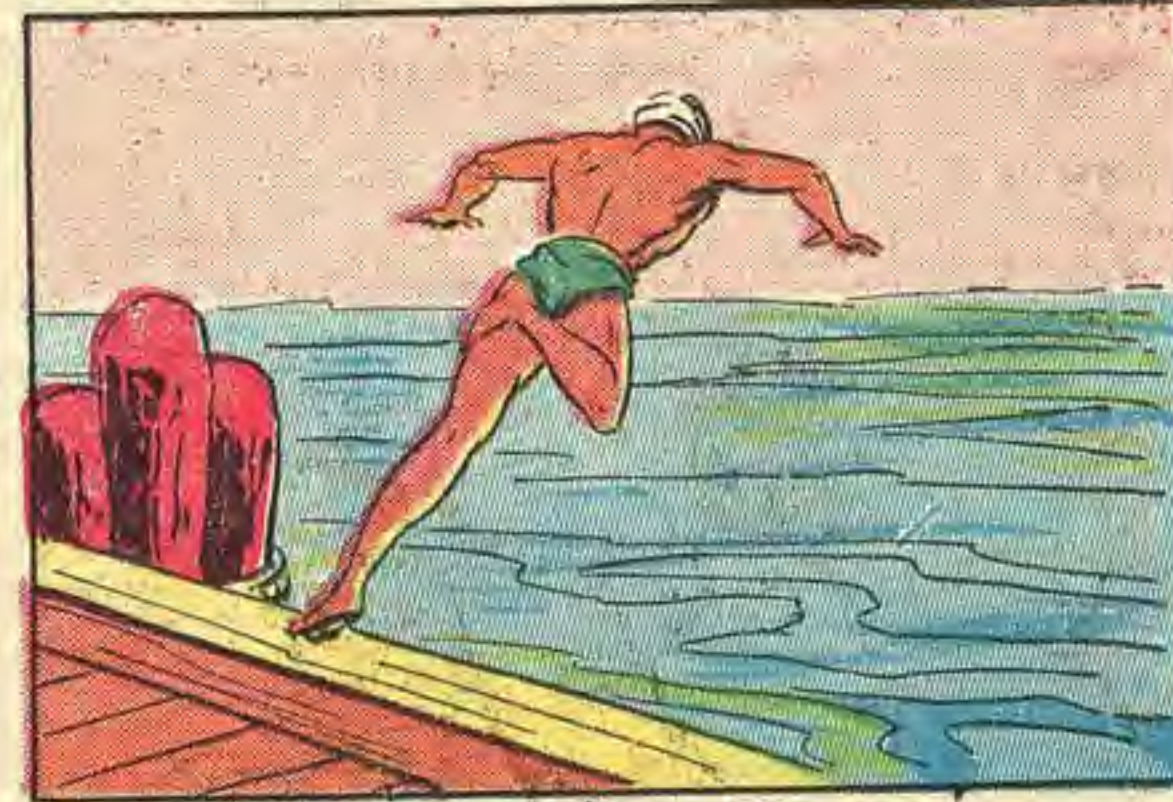
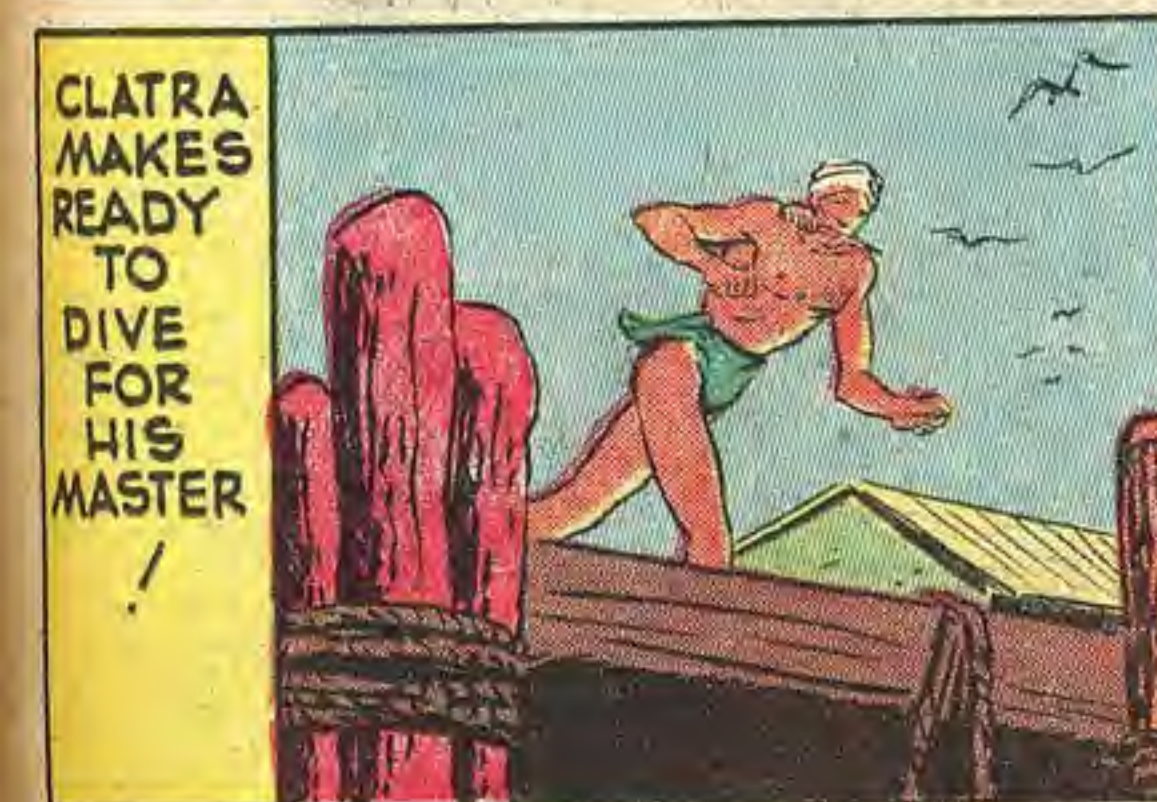
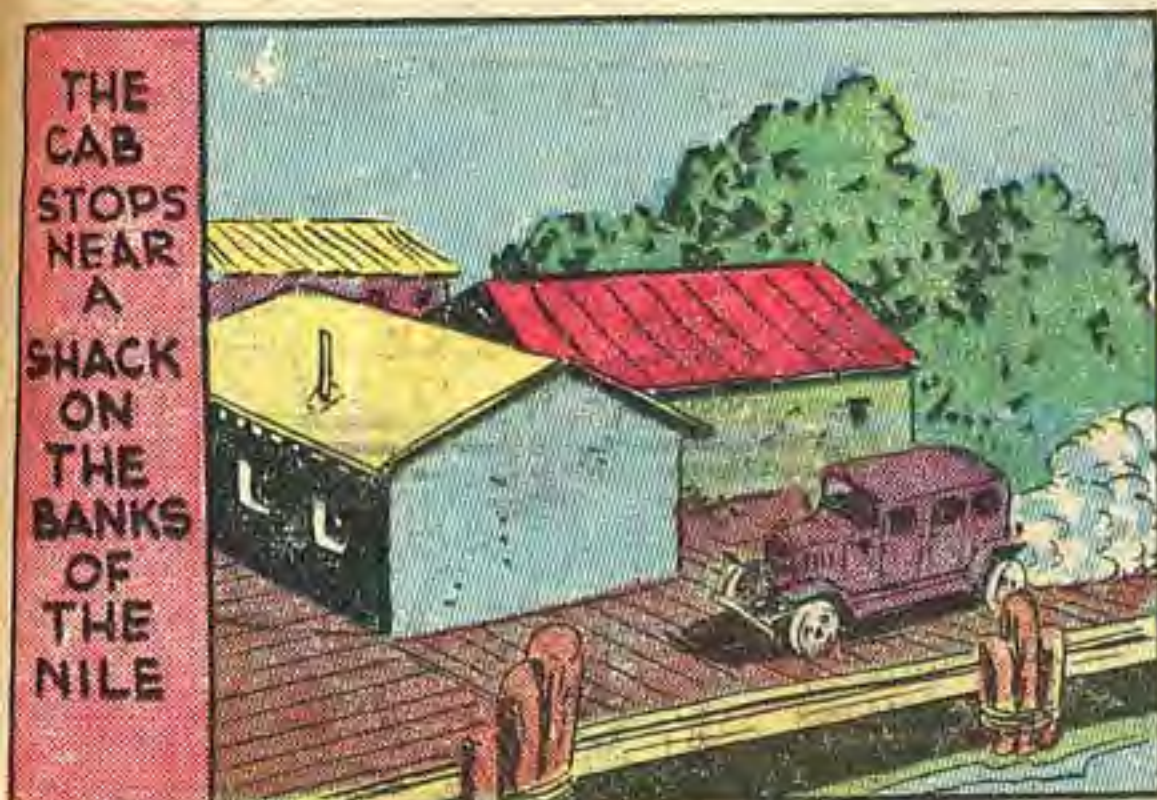


THE CAB SPEEDS OFF WITH LOOP
STILL UNCONSCIOUS INSIDE.



BUT
FAITH-
FUL
CLATRA
HAS
NOT
BEEN
LEFT
BEHIND
!





THE FAITHFUL NATIVE BOY WORKS TO FREE HIS MASTER!



A MIGHTY SHOVE ON THE RIVER BED



AND CLATRA SPEEDS TO THE SURFACE WITH LOOP!



THE AIR REVIVES LOOP AND HE STRIKES OUT FOR SHORE



CLATRA! YOU! HOW DID - WHAT HAPPENED?

BAD MAN THROW YOU IN NILE! CLATRA SAVE!

I SUPPOSE YOU REALIZE THAT I OWE MY LIFE TO YOU? WHAT CAN I DO TO REPAY YOU?

LET CLATRA BE SERVANT BOY! NO MORE PAY! JUST THAT!



ALL RIGHT, CLATRA! BUT NOT MY SERVANT - JUST MY PAL!

LOOK, MASTER! QUICK! THEY GET AWAY!



LOOP'S ATTACKERS BOARD THE PLANE TO MAKE THEIR ESCAPE!



WE'VE GOT TO GET THEM SOMEHOW, CLATRA! IF THEY GET AWAY WITH MY SECRET PAPERS, THE BRITISH WILL LOSE THE SUEZ CANAL!



BUT HOW CAN LOOP AND HIS NEW FRIEND STOP THE SPIES FROM ESCAPING? THE ANSWER IS REVEALED IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF BLUE RIBBON COMICS



BOUND TO DANCE

by S. OMAR BARKER

COWPUNCHERS love to dance, and they manage to do so whether there are any girls to dance with or not. The stag dance was a familiar scene on every old-time range in the days when women in the rangeland were few and far between, and the boys still indulge in it at times in the faraway bunkhouses back in the western hills beyond all auto roads.

There is almost always a fiddler or a harmonica artist among every bunch of hands. Such a one fogs up his old corn-cob pipe, which will keep him smoking longer without interruption than a rolled pill, pats his feet and saws out "Hell Among the Yearlin's" or "Johnny in the Lowlands." The boys tie handkerchiefs around the arms of half of their number to mark them as the "gals," and the dance is on.

Perhaps the buckaroo tripping the light fantastic with a heavy booted, bewhiskered partner does a lot of "wishin' 'twuz a gal" (especially so in the old trail days), but he manages to have a hilarious good time, even though it isn't. And besides it keeps him in practice for the Cowboys' Reunions, rodeos and other events that bring him into the settlements to dance where the girls are real. Only about one out of a hundred cowboys doesn't know how to dance—and like it.



The GREEN FALCON

THE GREEN FALCON-PROTECTOR OF THE OPPRESSED, KNIGHT OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE, IN WHOSE CAUSE HE VALIANTLY RISKS HIS LIFE AGAINST THE TYRANT RULER OF ENGLAND, PRINCE JOHN. THE FALCON REMAINS LOYAL TO THE TRUE KING, RICHARD THE LION-HEARTED, WHO IS BEING HELD CAPTIVE BY THE TURKS.

by J. HORTON & P. JENNINGS

JOHN'S TAX COLLECTORS ARE AT WORK.

BUT, YOUR HIGHNESS, I CANNOT PAY SUCH EXORBITANT TAXES. I MAKE A BARE LIVING NOW!

NO EXCUSES! PAY OR I'LL CONFISCATE YOUR LAND!



IN THE HOME OF A TYPICAL ENGLISH PEASANT.

OUR MEAL IS SCANTY. BUT THANK GOD WE HAVE THIS MUCH.

(ALL WILL BE WELL WHEN RICHARD RETURNS!)



THEN CAME THE LOCUSTS WITH RAVAGING FURY



POVERTY AND STARVATION RUN AWAY, BEGGAR! I'VE NO ALMS FOR YOU!





LATER IN THE CASTLE-

HSST! LADY MARION,
A MESSAGE FROM
THE FALCON.



LADY MARION,
WARD OF
RICHARD,
IMMUNE
AGAINST THE
ILL-INTENTION-
ED JOHN, IS
IN LOVE WITH
THE GREEN
FALCON.

THE GREEN FALCON ASKS TO BE LET INTO
THE CASTLE THROUGH ONE OF THE SECRET
ENTRANCES. IF JOHN
CATCHES HIM
HE'LL BE KILLED,
BUT I MUST
DO AS HE
ASKS.



LOOK! LADY MARION.
QUICK, FRIENDS!
INTO THE CASTLE.



IN THE CAST-
LE'S DINING
HALL, SIR
BOLTYN,
MORTAL
FOE OF
THE FALCON,
AND CROWD
TO PRINCE
JOHN,
FEASTS.

GREEN FALCON, HA!
HE'SH SHCARED OF
ME (HIC)-WISH HE WERE
HERE.



CURSE HIM! I WOULD
TAKE THISH DAGGAR
AND PLUNGE IT
INTO HISH HEART
-THISH WAY! (HIC)



SUDDENLY A PAIR
OF POWERFUL
HANDS REACH
OUT, AND -

AWRRK



YOU, FALCON?
HOW...WHAT?

YES. I'M HERE. WHAT
DID YOU SAY YOU
WERE GOING
TO DO TO ME?



HA, HA! SIR BOLTYN
DOESN'T LOOK BRAVE
NOW.

WALK AHEAD.
AND NO TRICKS.

Y-YES!
PLEASE
DON'T
KILL ME!



BOLTYN IS
LED OUT-
SIDE WHERE
HE'S DUCK-
ED INTO
A COLD
STREAM
TO SOBER
HIM UP.



AND NOW YOU SHALL DIRECT ME TO THE GRANARIES, SIR BOLTYN. ONE FALSE MOVE AND THE ARROWS OF MY FRIENDS IN HIDING WILL FIND THEIR MARK!

Y...YES!

THEY SOON REACH THE KING'S GRANARIES.

I HAVE ORDERS FROM PRINCE JOHN

AYE, SIR BOLTYN! WHAT ARE THEY?

LOAD THREE CARTS WITH GRAIN AND BRING THEM TO THE CASTLE. NO ESCORT WILL BE NEEDED!

AS THE CARTS ROLL OUT ON THE ROAD, TINY AND JOLLY LEAP ON THEM FROM THE FOLIAGE.

WE'VE BEEN TRICKED.

BOLTYN TAKES ADVANTAGE OF THE CONFUSION.

LET HIM GO! I HAVE NO FURTHER NEED FOR HIM!

HE RETURNS TO THE GRANARIES.

FOOLS COULDN'T YOU SEE I WAS BEING FORCED! QUICK WE MUST OVERTAKE THEM

MEANWHILE THE FALCON, TINY AND JOLLY CAREEN MADLY TOWARD THE TOWN WITH A PRECIOUS CARGO

SUDDENLY-CATASTROPHE! A WHEEL BREAKS LOOSE!

LOOK, TINY-JOLLY! SIR BOLTYN AND HIS MEN! IS IT FLEE OR FIGHT?

FIGHT UNTO DEATH!

HA! THEY STAND THEIR GROUND. THEY MEAN TO FIGHT! THAT'S JUST AS I WOULD HAVE IT!



KILL THEM! DON'T LET THEM ESCAPE! PERHAPS YOU WOULD LIKE TO FIGHT IT OUT YOURSELF, SIR BOLTYN.



SUDDENLY FROM OUT OF THE WOODS, STREAM A STORM OF MEN-PEASANTS!



DEATH TO THE ENEMY OF THE GREEN FALCON.

THEY CHARGE INTO SIR BOLTYN'S MEN WITH CRUDE FARM IMPLEMENTS FOR WEAPONS.



MY MEN ARE BEATEN. I'LL FLEE AND SAVE MYSELF!



THE FALCON THANKS THE PEASANT LEADER.

'T WAS A RIGHT GOOD BATTLE. BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW MY PLIGHT?

THE LADY MARION TOLD ME YOUR PLANS!



THE PEASANTS DID NOT NEED COAXING TO GO TO THE AID OF THE GREEN FALCON!

IF JOHN HAD SUCH LOYAL FOLLOWERS HE WOULD NOT FEAR FOR HIS LIFE... COME! WE GO TO THE VILLAGE!



THE FALCON'S CARGO PROVIDES FOOD FOR ALL THE VILLAGE. A TOAST TO THE GREEN FALCON!



MAY! LET US TOAST OUR BELOVED RICHARD! MAY HE RETURN SOON TO HIS RIGHTFUL THRONE!



EVERY ISSUE OF BLUE RIBBON BRINGS MORE STIRRING ADVENTURES OF THE CHAMPION OF THE OPPRESSED - THE GREEN FALCON!

Let Red help you **Get a DAISY for** **CHRISTMAS**

—Red Ryder



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